THE PRINCE IN INDIA, AND TO INDIA,

BY

AN INDIAN.

A DESCRIPTION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S LANDING AND STAY AT CALCUTTA,

AND A COMMENTARY

ON HIS VISIT AND RECEPTION IN INDIA,

AND

ON HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS TO INDIA,

GIVEN IN EXTENSO;

WITH AN INQUIRY INTO THE POLITICAL USES OF PRINCES AND PAGEANTS, AND THE NATURE AND CONDITIONS OF LOYALTY, PARTICULARLY THE LOYALTY OF INDIA, UNDER MOGUL AND BRITON, THE COMPANY AND THE CROWN.

BY

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PREFACE.

So far as this book is not a description of the events of the Duke of Edinburgh's tour through India, the title may be deemed a misnomer, I confess not without some justice, and were it not for the difficulty of giving names in general, and the impossibility I experienced in determining one for my work, I should have been content with a more humble designation. "The Prince in Calcutta" was an obvious suggestion, but soon after I sent my "copy" to press that title was appropriated by a compiler of the accounts of the daily and weekly press of His Royal Highness' Visit and Stay in the Metropolis. Seeing no decent alternative, I fell back on the more general title. It is a high-sounding one, to be sure, but very expressive, I hope and believe, and appropriate. The book contains a description of the Duke's Landing and Reception at Calcutta only, but apart from description, which forms but a small part of the book, the commentary is a general one on the Duke's Visit to India. "The Prince in India," does not necessarily mean a narrative of the Prince's Visit, and in all senses but the single one of description the title, I trust, is borne out by the contents.

My object I repeat is not merely nor mainly description, though on occasions I may have entered into it with particular zest. Description should be supplied regularly from beginning to end by a word-painter who may have accompanied the Prince. I have in part endeavoured to do what hardly any Englishman, as such, of whatever talents or genius, can do—supply the Indian, that is, Native commentary on a novel, unprecedented, and as I think and hope to prove before I part, important event in the

annals of the Empire, and give a Native description of the series of picture-worthy pageants which marked the Duke's Reception at Calcutta. I cannot guess whether that description will or will not, or how far it will, commend itself to the taste and approbation of Englishmen. Under any circumstances, they may bear with it as a curiosity. Though there are often instances of more than Eastern richness of imagery and gaudiness of color in English literature, and oftener in other European, notably South European literatures, Europeans, as a rule, are accustomed to self-restraint in language and fancy. And of course, educated in European literature, Young India affects the same rigour and, shall I say, poverty. It almost seems as if European culture chills the faculties. Yet it may be doubted whether this imitation is a blessing. This mechanical subserviency of the heart and mind of a people to the rules and customs of a different, indeed opposite, clime is hurtful to genuine fertility. We talk, after Europeans, of the want of originality and genius among our countrymen. Are we sure that by imposing on our thought and diction the fetters of Europe, we are not doing our best to make both impossible? Let the mind of each nation have its own way. This view need not retard the progress of the English language in India on which I build so much hope for the future of my fatherland. For, the study of the English, even its perfect adoption as the linguistic medium, does not necessitate the adoption in their entirety of all English forms of thought, feeling, vision, does not require the adoption of English prudery, precision, barrenness. Why should Indian writers sacrifice any true Asiatic vision they might see, any glow and enthusiasm for color, sound, and scent, at the shrine of English repugnance to passion and ornament? They can be efficient writers only if they are fortunate enough to see such visions and feel such glow and enthusiasm, and do not

smother them under the influence of European example. Let the pride of the English suffice to give a language to the educated class of India, but let them not mar the glory of the present by imposing on that class their system of thought, feeling and fancy, to the suppression of its own. Why should not the conditions of climate, geography, institutions, nationality, &c., be permitted to determine the radical character of the English literature which springs up under them? Will it not be more profitable to mankind, and more creditable to England, to be the mother, proximate or ultimate, of several English literatures in different parts of the globe, each owning a character of its own?

I wish somebody will yet publish a full account of the Duke's tour in India with illustrations. A very good book of the kind has been just published describing the Prince's Visit to Ceylon. Surely the more important Progress through the Continent ought not to be allowed to be forgotten. Dr. Fayrer's work is very good as far as it goes, but it does not go, externally or internally, far enough for the novelty and importance of the event, or for our aspirations. The theme is one worthy of both a great word-painter and a great color-painter. Not being either, I have not attempted the desiderated work, and, even were I one or the other, not having accompanied the Prince, I could hardly have painted a historical piece by drawing solely on the depths of my moral consciousness. All I could do was to describe the Prince's Landing and Stay at Calcutta to the best of the opportunities of a Native of the literary, not princely, class. My book may, indeed, seem to be already anticipated by another. Mr. Noah Chick, in quoting my account of the special Native Reception of the Prince at the Seven Tanks, the suburban villa of our townsman Baboo Shama Churn Mullick, does not mention the source whence he derived it—and I mention this merely to express our American sensi-

tiveness to any appearance of neglect, and my hope that Anglo-Indian writers and speakers may be less ashamed to mention Native names, whether of individuals or newspapers, except in terms of reproach; but his example will not tempt me to ignore, as I well may, his anonymous record of the Duke's Visit to Calcutta, or pass over his name as I discern it in the initials subscribed to his preface, or withhold from his work the praise due to it of a very full, almost always accurate, connected, and very useful collection of the notices scattered in the newspapers of the day, or deny that I have been saved by it the trouble of referring to the files of the papers. I regret, however, the "get up" of his book;—the stationary, typography, and binding, or rather absence of it, are not only utterly unworthy of the subject—peculiarly one for a drawing-room table publication—but also much below the average style of Indian execution of the day. I cannot conceive how such a mistake could be committed either by a first-class publisher or an experienced literary man. The matter of the book, however, makes it indispensable. But in matter that book does not in any sense render my effort one of supererogation, any more than my publication pretends to supersede Mr. Chick's. No European work, indeed, however perfect, can anticipate or make superfluous an Asiatic. A European and an Asiatic approaches the same subject each from a different stand-point. Even if I have gone over ground already travelled by others, simply a more decent style of "get up" justifies a new publication. Above all, I trust, there is enough of individuality, at least of nationality, in this another account of the Prince's Visit to Calcutta to merit a hearing.

As a chronicle, the book contains a complete and full account of the *fete*, at the Seven Tanks, given to the Prince by the Native citizens of Calcutta, and it is hoped that not only those citizens but all my countrymen will be glad to possess themselves of a narrative by one of themselves, consequently

from their point of view, of an event so novel and interesting to themselves, an entertainment so picturesque.

But the chronicle of the Duke's stay in Calcutta is but a part, and not the largest or most important part, of the book. It is a book *on* the Prince's Visit to India rather than one *of* the Prince's, a commentary, that is, on the Visit rather than a description of it. That the novelty of the event needed, and the importance of it justified, a commentary, I shall not stop to argue here. I rely on my hope of the acquiescence of the reader when he has read a portion and remarked the light in which I regard the subject.

The Prince's farewell address to India in the shape of a Letter to the Viceroy, dated the moment of his departure from Indian waters, struck me as a document so full of tender sympathy for the people of this land, even an acquisition so politically valuable that, undeterred by the silence and neglect of the Indian press, for the most part, on the subject, I took the first opportunity to explain to my countrymen and fellow-subjects its drift and give my estimate of its political value and express the grateful acknowledgments of my nation to the illustrious writer, for its tone and its pledges. An old and valued friend proposed what had already been suggested by my own feeling and thus encouraged me, to embody the Prince's Letter with my comments in a more durable and convenient form for circulation among both natives and Anglo-Indians and Englishmen at home, and preservation, not only for our own use, but also to serve as a reminder to the Prince all through his life of the kindness he expressed and pledge he gave, in the fervour of fresh emotion, to exert his just influence in behalf of a people who welcomed him so enthusiastically without knowing any more of him than that he was their Sovereign's son, and impressed him so favorably. Moreover, through the Prince we claim a place in the affections of his relations, his Brothers and

Sisters, and above all his Mother, our Mother because Queen. As subjects, and particularly distant subjects, (on the principle of the distant son or daughter being more tenderly remembered and regarded than the near) we enjoyed a place there already, but we trust that the Prince's Visit to us, as it has strengthened our sense of filial and loyal duty to Her Majesty, and our corresponding feelings of attachment towards the Royal Family, has quickened their wonted sentiment towards us, and we may ere long reap the fruits of that renovation of sympathy. Nor let any one estimate lightly the influence of the Royal Family in politics. Over affairs in England, it is still great enough—on the fortunes of India, it has hardly any limits. And here I may as well state, that I do not expect, as the immediate effect of the late Visit of the Prince any sudden or sweeping reforms in administration—these may come in due course; all I anticipate—and this we have a right to expect—is a visible improvement in the tone of the Government and of English, and ultimately Anglo-Indian, Society towards the hundreds of millions of Asiatics subject to England. I believe in the reality of *tone;* in the existence of an atmosphere either suffocating or refreshing. Tone may exasperate, atmosphere may conciliate. Always important, in our case tone is all-important, for, after all that is urged regarding the ill success or unpopularity of British rule in India, the worst, the chief, almost the sole, blister is caused by—a tone. This tone may be regulated at will by the Royal Family, the natural heads of English Society. Misfortunes may be borne—not the cold shoulder or look of contempt. It is not good government we want so much as sympathy. Not indeed the mockery of patronizing sympathy more galling to the proud spirit than positive hate. No, we deprecate the over-familiar pat on the back—we desiderate the consideration due to men and equals. And as men and equals we claim

recognition, though weak, of different ways, with the "shadowed livery of the burning sun." I believe also in the political efficacy of external sympathy, not only in conciliating the sympathised, which is obvious, but also in ameliorating their political and social condition. What made a nation of the modern Greeks, but the sympathy which every educated man in Western Europe felt for the descendants, however impure in blood and unworthy in character, of that race which was the parent of European civilization? What but the humane sympathy of English men and women at home freed the blacks in the British Colonies, and abolished the traffic in men, and ultimately emancipated the Negroes in the American Union? Not the least practical good I anticipate from the enthusiasm for Oriental studies among scholars in Europe is a sympathy akin to respect, similar to that for the Greek subjects of Turkey, for the people of the East as the descendants of the race which earliest earned civilization for mankind, a sympathy, which may yet raise them politically and socially. No influence is more potent to create or stimulate a kind interest for the millions of Her Majesty's native Indian Subjects among Englishmen at home or abroad, than the example of the Royal Family of Great Britain. Such an interest, by changing the existing relations between the governors and the governed, Natives and Anglo-Indians, may be the means of supplying all wants in our political and social condition. If anything I have said, either on the Prince's Letter or in this book generally, serves to advance the claim of my countrymen to the kindness of the Royal Family, I shall be content to have my effort condemned on other grounds—all other grounds.

But I am afraid of extending the preface, already too long, perhaps, for the bulk of the book.

It is right that I should mention that part of the matter contained in this book, but only a fractional part, appeared

when the Duke was with us in articles in the *Hindoo Patriot*. The original writing has been in many instances recast and considerably added to. The whole of the Introduction, and the continuation thereof headed "Looking Back!" &c., too, are new. The newspaper origin of the descriptive matter accounts for the use of the pronoun of the first person plural for the describer, and of one or two other grammatical and other peculiarities. From a half conscious desire for uniformity I may have more or less conformed to the same use in the more recently written parts of the book.

I have been enabled by the kindness of Baboo Dinobundhoo Mitter, just created Roy Bahadoor, to enrich my book by a short Bengali Poem, the circumstances of the composition of which are mentioned in the proper place in the introduction to it.

I have thrown into the form of Appendices such matter as might interrupt the course of the narrative or commentary, and some little additional matter, principally by way of illustration.

My spelling of Oriental names generally is a compromise, leaning rather to the popular method, perhaps.

A page of Errata seems inevitable in an Indian work. I have not, however, gone through the book in search of such, or else I might find many more, but have simply corrected one or two which struck me casually. I have no inclination for anything that might further delay a book which, from many causes, has been already too long delayed.

Therefore, with all its imperfections on its head, I send it forth as an humble offering to the Nations of India and Great Britain.

BARAHANAGAR,
North Suburban Town of Calcutta,
June, 1871.

S. C. M.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA, AND TO INDIA.

THE visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to India was a novel incident in the country, and His Royal Highness' position made it a trial of the people.

The visit was more than a novel incident, it was an unprecedented event of great importance in the history of British India.

By their warm no less than splendid reception of the Prince and celebration of his presence among them, the people of India clearly showed their appreciation of this importance. It is to be hoped, even after the event, that England, the arbiter of the destinies of India, will share this appreciation—will give indeed fit response to the sentiments and hopes of India as expressed by her demonstration on the occasion of Prince Alfred's visit.

There is some considerable chance that England will fail.

Her icy northern mind does not take kindly to festivities and shows,—of which, besides, she has quite a *parvenu* apprehension, as derogatory to her gravity and position—and is (if we might so express ourselves,) apt to miss the political or other bearing of such. She is, perhaps, also a trifle slow in sensi-

bility—hard to take impressions. Above all, she is notoriously indifferent to her Dependencies. So superlative and so habitual is this indifference that one might almost wonder why Providence has given her so many. How she could *get* so many, is not such a puzzle, for the qualities which acquire kingdoms and found colonies are different from those which retain them. Thus England has long since lost her greatest Colony, and most of the remaining ones are bound to her by slender, nominal ties. Shall we say that she is most indifferent of all, as at any rate we are apt to think, to India? Nothing short of a great calamity—an insurrection or a famine of large proportions—seems capable of rousing her to a sense of her duties to this the greatest of her subject kingdoms.

Thus when it was known in England that Prince Alfred was to come to India, the announcement hardly created any interest, save perhaps in court circles; and to attach any importance whatever to the trip was out of the question. Those who paid any thought to the subject were sure that the Duke of Edinburgh would be well received and hospitably entertained, would see good sport, and great cities, and snowclad mountains, and eat real *pillau*, and taste real king of Oudh's sauce, and drink real Persian Sherbet, and smell real otto of roses, and hear the tom tom while awake and be disturbed in sleep by the shriller cry of the jackal host; that the Viceroy would

get up a fine show; that the *Times*, which knows the national weakness, namely, wonder and insatiable curiosity respecting the rich and the titled, and never misses an opportunity of paying it homage, would record the journey; but that was all. No public notice whatever was taken of the intention, and there was no complaint. The affair was but a personal one, even though a Prince was the hero of it.

No auspicious ceremony of any kind was held to prepare His Royal Highness for his voyage to India, no dinner (that pre-eminently British institution, without which no half-yearly accounts of a bank are passed) to him, such as is given in honor of the Governor or Bishop elect of the smallest Colony previous to his departure for the scene of his future labors, testified the interest of the public in his journey. It is true that he was to come not to India only, but to India among other parts of England's Empire, in his voyage round the world, but that, if anything, was an additional, as nothing was left to be a more imperative, reason for a suitable recognition and aggrandizement of the mission by a ceremony such as, while recalling, should have cast in the shade those of other times that sent out, loaded with ecclesiastical and national blessings, captains at the head of legions to conquer, or mariners in quest of unknown continents. The tour of a Royal Prince of England through all parts of an Empire in which the sun never set, was a theme

worthy of something even much better than post-prandial eloquence, and the opportunity of his departure was not utilized by a demonstration which, extraordinary as it might be, would have been quite in keeping with England's imperial position and the heterogeneous character, part barbaric and part civilized, part tropical, part temperate, of the Empire, and have for once satisfied that crave for sympathy of the mother-country or mistress which is universal and intense in all the Dependencies. But England does not care for her Dependencies, as these pride in her, and yearn for her. The difference of sentiment on the two sides is well seen in the quiet way Prince Alfred slipped out of England for the express purpose of touring through her Colonial Empire, and his enthusiastic greeting at every place owned by his Mother.

It is no answer to say that the tour was a private affair. It was not: it could not be a private affair. Has all the reception given him throughout the world gone for nothing? was it as a private individual that India welcomed him? were those who made so many sacrifices to celebrate his arrival here so many personal friends? None of them knew him, none cared for him simply as Prince Alfred, irrespective of his for the moment paramount claim, his virtually imperial character.

It was not as Prince Alfred, for instance, that in Japan he received the homage which no foreigner

whatever, and no native save the Mikado, ever received. It is impossible to deny that the nations whom he visited received and honored him as the representative of English Royalty, and English Royalty for the moment assumed a greater importance for them than it has ever really enjoyed these forty years. By English Royalty they understood the governing power of the Empire. A limited monarch is not, as the phrase implies, quite ruler, and it was the Ruler only, whoever that was, that the nations cared for, and meant to honor in Prince Alfred. It was not for them to dive deep into the mysteries of the British Constitution, to acquaint themselves with its history, its various changes in law and practice, up to this day, to distinguish between fact and fiction, between real and apparent depositories of power. They could not venture, to any purpose, into topics on which the greatest doctors of constitutional law disagreed. They could but accept the apparent for the true, the part for the whole, and so they did. Whatever the fact, the language of pure monarchy—"Her Majesty's Government"—prevails, and whatever the limited sense in which Englishmen take it, foreigners, as they cannot safely go to the root of the matter, interpret it literally. So Prince Alfred, who in England as the younger scion of a pensioned Royalty is politically nobody, as soon as he left home became everything, politically all important, the Autocrat of Great Britain in the eyes of Asia, so far at least as

he represented the country as the recipient of the respect of the world. So the Prince represented more than his Mother, more than one Estate of the Realm, he represented all the Estates, the whole fabric of the Constitution,—England in fact. Hence the unqualified respect, unbounded welcome he received wherever he went—wherever Britania is mistress or the English are feared—would I could add the alternative *loved!* Englishmen may, for reasons best known to themselves, put up a stone and worship; if other people follow their example, not being influenced by, or even knowing their reasons, they will, if possible, and as far as possible, invest the idol with reality. Thus Prince Alfred represented Royalty, and Royalty was naturally identified with the power of England and her position among nations. Even if the personal distinction between the two, Royalty and real Sovereignty, could be apprehended in distant parts of the globe as vividly as by statesmen at home, it was necessary for the visited peoples for the moment to forget it for the supreme convenience of possessing a nearly perfect representative of England for the purpose of honoring. Royalty has its uses even in constitutional countries, and not the least of those uses is its affording a visible expression, a graspable form of the national entity. In the present ignorance and imperfect science of the world, it is a necessity to millions of minds to have, if possible,

tangible representations of abstract ideas. They do not understand philosophy but philosophers, not religion but ceremonies and priests, not government but king and king's ministers. The idea of a constitution is incomprehensible to many. I have myself failed with hundreds to make them understand clearly a republic, and a federal republic has puzzled more. My statements have been more or less openly disbelieved; the more pedantic have declared that I was talking of schemes for governing with which philosophers had amused themselves; and the intelligent and shrewd have always hinted that there must be a king lurking somewhere in those fantastical states. A government without a king seems to such a contradiction. Some of them know of constitutional varieties; they have heard of duality in kingship, such as the Civil and Eclesiastical Kings in Bhootan, of precedence in duality as in Siam with its First and Second Kings, of temporal sovereignty of a high priest as in Thibet, but they are not prepared for the utter absence of a king. Even in Europe, where people are believed to be better instructed, but where, for the most part, as elsewhere, progress is necessarily confined to certain classes; thus most of the millions who in France in 1849 voted for Louis Napoleon Bonaparte are said to have done so in the belief that they voted for the national idol the great Bonaparte; thus, in England to many villages, the names of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel,

and Queen Victoria had not, before the last few years, penetrated, and there must be hundreds whereto to this day they have not penetrated; thus, in England, in certain counties, within the last three or four years belief in witchcraft and of course with it the practice of murdering the so-imagined, so-called witches have been found to prevail, and in those counties and in others, for anything that we know to the contrary, the belief may be still very strong and the practice general;—the general appreciation of constitutionalism must be very faint,—with millions nil. For such, personal sovereignty is an intellectual necessity—at least titular sovereignty. How much keener must the necessity be in those quarters of the globe in which the people have been less inventive in forms of government, not to say are less advanced in political and general knowledge! Personal or titular sovereignty is regarded by many minds an essential link in the chain of created beings, by many more the natural summit of the edifice of social and political order. Personal or titular severeignty is necessary, in the comparative nonage of the world, to give meaning to rank and title, to make patriotism stronger, because more intelligible, by allying it, an abstract idea, to loyalty to a person; necessary, to satisfy and cultivate the love of show, the wish to realize, as far as practicable, the magnificence of the monarchs of history or fable; necessary, too, it needs only to be stated to be

admitted, to Asia in a greater degree than to Europe. Prince Alfred, therefore, not only represented English Royalty, but the State of England; and from his birth represented it infinitely better, though exercising no political power, than any the greatest official could have done. Men are men, and they reverence rank, and respect birth for its own sake, and batteries of logic and philosophy avail not, and for the moment it is useless to attempt to argue a fact down, and men will at much expense go out miles in the rain to have a glimpse of a crippled satyr of a royal bastard in rags, and perhaps not look out of their windows at a Cupid Kulin Pitt of a Prime Minister or a Lucullus of a Lord Lieutenant decked in all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind. To take the instances most unfavorable to this irrational predilection for rank and birth, I shall not speak of Asia which may be set down as exceptionally barbarous. We all remember the enthusiasm with which the Prince of Wales was greeted in the great Federal Republic of America. Suppose, for the sake of argument, the President of that Republic to visit Europe, would he be received by the people—I speak not of the governments who know what is due to Cincinatus—at all to speak of? would he experience in England, not to speak of other countries, a fraction of that enthusiasm England's future king experienced in the Union? And if not, why not? Simply because he is plain Mr. So-and-so, a man without a title, one not of the royal tribe, a

placeman whose term of office determines after a certain time, who is removable, &c., and will again be comparatively lost among his fellow-citizens. There is a divinity sure doth hedge a king, east of Suez more than west of it. The reception of Prince Alfred in Australia, Japan, China and India was the worship by the peoples of those lands of the Power and Will of England, but as this abstraction, appertaining to a corporation and a complicated constitution, is hard to grasp at, is not for them easily found embodied in an individual, they laid hold of the Prince as the best available object of their regard. He personified the State. He was the master of the British World —the genius of England, Britania herself.

The best personification certainly would have been the Queen herself, but India easily excuses a lady, even though a Sovereign, a personal visit to any portion of her subjects involving a long sea voyage. The next best had been the Prince of Wales, and there was no reason why, if it was decided to send anybody, he did not come, with Prince Alfred and other brothers who liked. He may yet come, and Prince Alfred's reception to my mind converts the probability almost into certainty. But it would have been politically more useful, and more effective as a show, as it would have been economical to the country, for the Royal family to have come at once than come thus, one by one, and reserve the superior members for the last. There may be too much of a

good thing. Too much strain may snap the cord of loyalty.

Perhaps the future king's next brother was considered sufficient for the Dependencies: they certainly took it in that light, and, without waiting for the Prince of Wales' leisure and inclination, celebrated Prince Alfred's arrival among them as a Royal visit, and poured out on the occasion all their loyalty.

It ought to have been very well expected that it would be so. The nice English distinction between private and public capacity, political mission and private journey, no more strikes the generality of mankind, including the wisest of Asiatics, than the difference between a constitutional sovereign and a ruling Parliament, between the national treasury and the royal coffers, or between the legislature and the executive, and was besides, in the present case, out of place. The world could not be expected to make a distinction England was not particular in drawing. If England intended the Prince's journey to be private, she might do so, discouraging by her agents all demonstration, asking the Prince to refuse addresses and invitations, &c. She might even make him travel *incognito*—the only mode by which a prince can see and hear and learn and even enjoy. In default, it was not only a public visit but also a political. By political I do not mean official, but people unaccustomed to the constitutional distinctions in which nations who have acquired greater expe-

rience in political experiments are brought up may well believe, as the people of India believed, that the visit had a political, at all events a business, object; they could hardly imagine that a practical people like the English would make so much ado for nothing, would levy on India, among other kinds of sacrifices, an indirect, almost direct, tax of several millions sterling in connection with the pleasure-trip of a prince whom no one ever expected to mount even a constitutional throne, for the purpose of celebrating and distracting a private tour—they would confess themselves asses and think England no better if they did:—they quietly accept the protestations of the British Government that it was a private journey without ulterior aims—and various in consequence have been the theories and rumours on the subject started by my countrymen. But even dismissing, as my knowledge enables me to do, these theories and explanations as unfounded however justifiable, the political character of the Prince's visit is none the less unmistakable. Anything which calls into play or produces loyalty, cements the bonds between rulers and ruled,—and of course involves the opposite risk—is pre-eminently political, and the Prince's visit was political in this sense. It may be laid down as a general rule, that the visit of a Prince to a Province which never member of the Royal Family trod, can never be a private or non-political one. If, therefore, it was worth sending a Prince to India

and the Colonies, it was worth sending him well, making the despatch as profitable to all concerned, as impressive and as self-conscious as possible, and investing the Prince himself rather more directly with responsibility for his behaviour abroad, discussing the principles and *modi operandi* of such a visit, &c. I dare say his illustrious Mother, in doing her duty by him, gave him the best counsel and appointed to attend on him the best counsellor; and it is possible that the Indian Minister hinted an humble hope, that the Prince might behave in India not only as a gentleman but also wisely, princely; but what did the State do? The nation ought not to have left its sovereign duty to be performed by a mother in a family parlour, or its imperial requirements dependent on the hint of an official. It would have been more becoming, more imperial, even more honest, as it would have been consolatory to the Princes, Chiefs and People who were expected to make so much sacrifice on his arrival among them, to have made the advising him and conferring with him, before his departure from England, a matter of solemn, open, public duty, a great state business. Anything that, at that time, would have honored the Prince would have flattered the people of Hindostan. There is no doubt that all the proud Chiefs, who came all the way from Rajputana and Central India to swell the triumph of England on the occasion of the landing of the Prince, would have felt mortified if they

knew, as those must have felt mortified who heard, that, for all that they made of him here, the Prince unceremoniously left his country for the vessel in which he served and had come to India in the course of his voyage. The brilliant ceremonial of the Chapter of the Order of India held for the investiture of the Prince with the Star was at once such a glorious pageant and a successful homily that we should not have wished it to have taken place, and in consequence murdered, in England, (for not only Anglo Indians understand the matter better but also the variety lent by endless colors and costumes, and the Indian sun, both of which contribute not a little to the effect of Indian durbars, would be wanting in England,) at any rate India would have lost the moral effect and political meaning of the beautiful and instructive symbol of the Investiture. But some such other things might have been got up to add to the *prestige* of the Prince, who had had the privilege conferred on him of the first British Prince who was being sent to visit India, and *ex necessitate* and as a matter of course to play for a few brief weeks the Emperor in the East Indies, the successor of the Great Mogul. Such a proceeding, while recognizing India's claim to consideration, would have enabled the Visitor to play his part satisfactorily: it would have effectually imperialized the Sailor-Prince. Though I am as jealous as anybody of the misappropriation of our funds, and afraid of creating a bad

precedent, I think Indian money would have been better spent in such a valuable *Tamasha* than in *feteing* the Sultan in London.

The truth is, England did not comprehend what she was about in sending, or if you will, as indeed His Highness himself expresses it, in allowing Prince Alfred to come to India; what would come of it, how the people of the East would regard the visit, what they would do. Indeed it was thought that beyond a general, perhaps cold reception at the seats of Government, and even a moderate amount of feteing and durbaring by the state, no more notice would be taken of him. Accustomed as friends are to estimate too highly the claims of friends, the accounts which the Prince and his party sent home must have surprized even their friends—how much more the British public! Whatever the Prince's self-love and vanity, he could hardly have been prepared to be made so much of in India, as he found on landing that he was, and would be, made. I, for one, could hardly allow myself the pleasure to predict such an outburst of loyalty of all classes as greeted the Prince on the evening he landed and the night following the next day, and all through the Prince's stay in the country in all parts of it.

Not a few English writers and speakers bewail the absence of loyalty among the natives of India; too many, indeed, bitterly charge it as a national failing

against them as an ungrateful people. Since the Mutiny this charge has been the principal stock-in-trade of literary men and politicians, of magazinists and book-making tourists, political missionaries and evangelical statesmen, narrow-minded officials and prejudiced senators. I wonder whether these good people ever took the trouble really to account for the absence, to see whether, under any view, the phenomenon, even though it be as real and as extensive as they think it to be, is capable of justification, for we can hardly imagine but that if they did, they would feel less surprise, and moderate their denunciation. Effect is but cause in a different shape—there must be adequate cause for every effect, and even the absence of loyalty may be traced to other causes, perhaps less flattering to the national vanity of the complainants, than any supposed inherent moral incapacity of the defendants, which has descended to them from their fiftieth progenitors. It is more likely, when ingratitude is charged, that there has been no claim on the gratitude of the person condemned, or that there is a difference between the two parties in their respective modes of expressing feeling, and, consequently, an inability in each to comprehend it when obscured by symbols foreign to him. What right has any one to feel disappointment when he has no excuse for hope? Before you complain of being not loved, be sure that, in the first place, you are lovable, and, in the next, that you positively merit

love, and, it is superfluous to add, the love of the particular person whom you accuse. There *are*, thank God, but a very few, in whom repulsiveness, moral or physical or both, attains its climax, whom to look at or sit with, not to say converse with, may tax the utmost heroism, who cannot be loved. It more often happens that men without loving expect to be loved. In vain. Love follows love, as effect, cause. It is foolish to look out for the one without securing the other. It is true that in the domain of morals the will interferes with the invariableness of succession of phenomena known in the physical world as cause and effect, that a misguided will may, for instance, divert the natural course of the affections, a perverted heart not return love for love, but this is a departure from the usual harmony, though it often happens too by the operation of invariable Law. It is true that a man may have such supreme attractions for another, that he or she may be loved without loving, but that is rather a yearning to love and of course to be loved than love yet, though the word, in default of nice distinction, is employed. It is true that the abundance of a man may not need the love of another to raise or support the flame in his own breast, but such transcendental capacity, if it really exists at all, must be exceptional, and may as well be distinguished by a different name. The general rule stands unchallenged, that love begets love; love in the one—love (in response) in the other. As love so

gratitude—with this difference that gratitude is a more limited sentiment in return for a more precise offering, and that owing to this very limitation it admits of none of the exceptions or operations of cross-laws which hamper and confuse the theory of love. If love is at all possible without reciprocity, gratitude is not: reciprocity is of the essence of it. Gratitude, in its nature, is essentially a response. Acts of a certain kind must precede it. One must do certain acts before gratitude is possible in another breast. It is possible, indeed, that the acts may be done by the one without inducing gratitude in the other, but the acts at all events are a condition *sine qua non*. So if any one is not grateful to me the presumption is that I have omitted to perform those acts which call forth gratitude. Or if I have not so omitted, I have certainly omitted, what is equally essential, to make my performance known to the party in whose behalf I have done the good acts whom I expect to be grateful. This is as urgent a condition *sine qua non*. What is the good—so far as the production of a responsive feeling is concerned,—what is the good of any number of favors lavished, if the object of these does not know or feel? Not that they are utterly or by any means useless. Good deeds are good "for a'that." They will gain heaven. But what may procure heaven for all time may not be sufficient to produce a kindly feeling on earth. For the effect will be not only proportionate to, but also in a sense

identical with, the cause. A mine which may yield gold may not offer lead; a Wellington may often meet with defeat at the chess-board. So those, who are conscious of having done good to any one and yet do not find gratitude, instead of bewailing the degeneracy of the world and railing at the curruption of man, will do better to enquire into the cause of the apparent anomaly. They will probably trace it to their own fault in not having made their acts of kindness known to the object. The absence of recognition which is taken to heart as ingratitude might arise not only from want of due publication of benefits conferred, but also, often, from the absence in them of kindness or grace, and, oftener, from an incapacity of the benefactors for making impression on others. It is not only necessary to do good but also to be kind, not only to be kind, but also to make the other feel that you are so. I do not feel grateful to you if I do not know that you were the person who sent me by post the bank-note which saved me; and no famishing Oorya but will secretly resent a dish of *pillao* moved to him by the feet. It is not enough to show a favor. Kindness must visibly dictate benefits, if they are to be appreciated and acknowledged. If kindness be not felt, a show of it might be put up. And here is the value of tact and grace—as sovereign electroplaters as charity. Here is the province of art. There is art not only in literature and building and singing but also in action, art in society,

art in politics. Art is the economical and effective presentation of resources, whether of color, as in painting, or of sound, as in music, or of words (embracing both sounds and thoughts) as in letters, or of actions, as in life. As a literary artist can make a great effect by due arrangement of a few words and ideas, so with as few materials a man of society can make an impression on any company. With one or two acts a man may conquer a heart which may not be moved by a dozen services spread over a long period, obscured by surroundings, their effect perhaps destroyed by all want of grace. Applying the same principle to politics, one of the spheres of life, a statesman may take advantage of time and circumstances by a simple act, to be the nation's hero or the nation's hope, while the services of a life-time of another may be unheeded for bad presentation. So a nation may lavish blessings on a dependent people and yet earn only the latter's ill-will or indifference, while a real task-master may so gild his oppression as not to forfeit the love of his victims. The way of doing is as important as, sometimes more important than, the deed itself. For all impression the way should be that of the person to be impressed.

Not to *feel* gratitude is very different from being ungrateful, the one phrase records a mere fact, not necessarily discreditable, the other implies a crime; but in the popular confusion of thought and neglect

of accuracy of language the distinction is lost. Again, to be grateful implies no capacity to please—no possession of tact and grace. The dumb, for instance, incur the risk of being convicted on any counts, unless fortunate in getting a sympathetic judge and jury, and there are many who may be said to be practically wholly or partially dumb. Above all, gratitude may be expressed in word or deed without being perceived where the ways of expressing it of the benefactor and those of the benefited are different. It is hardly necessary to show the bearing of these conditions of love and gratitude on the question of Indian loyalty to Britain. Loyalty being but gratitude and love in the political sphere—the gratitude and love or attachment of subjects to kings—the conditions do not alter by change of sphere. Is England sure that she has fulfiled her part of the conditions? Have our detractors taken the pains to assure themselves that there has been no mistake, no act of commission or omission on the other side? The ways of Englishmen and natives are so different that there is great likelihood of frequent misunderstanding between the two peoples as to each other's mind. Benefits conferred on India by England in all sincerity may not be appreciated in consequence of the latter's neglect or incapacity to, in the first place, invest them with an oriental form, to perform the acts in the ways of India, or, in the next, to announce them so as to be widely known to orientals. Nay—why mince matters? The grievance of one

man is the folly of another, even the truth of one age is the falsehood of the next. Even so the good of the West may turn out evil in the East. Such is the conflict between the lives and ideals of Europe and those of Asia! This cause of misunderstanding is intensified by the isolation from one another in which, in great measure for the very difference, the English and Indians live. Thus the acknowledgment of the services of the English—much of the essence of gratitude—may be the staple of conversation in native society, without it ever coming in a single instance to the ear of English society, and Anglo Indians, sick at heart of the imaginary ingratitude (they never having come across evidences of gratitude appreciable to them) may interpret the really honorable manliness of individual natives as clear proof of a pre-concluded contumacy justifying the bitterest hate. To give a more concrete illustration, I know natives, few as their number may be, who in their prayers ask God to continue and bless the British rule in India. If the number of such had been as large as it is small, the existing diversity in language, religion and manners between natives and Europeans and their dissociation from one another continuing, is it unlikely that Anglo Indians might never come to hear of so characteristic and so touching a fact?

But it is by no means necessary to claim any great measure of loyalty to Britain for my countrymen in order to vindicate their humanity. The presumption of humanity, indeed, is rather against the existence, because against the possibility, of much loyal sentiment among them.

I conceive it superfluous to prove our common humanity, our susceptability to the affections, our constitutional capacity for such a sentiment as loyalty. Our heart is soft, alas! too soft. The least breath touches it. We love and hate as other men. If there is a difference, it is, we believe, that we can too little resist the wiles and snares of the tempter. We cannot refuse a face-to-face appeal. This national failing may be traced in our vocabulary; it has enriched it by at least one word which is not in other languages, a word which may be literally translated as eye-shame. In spite of the deadening and repellent influences of a fossil religion and a minute division of society into innumerable classess, also fossil, each separated from the other by impassable barriers, the Hindoo heart has maintained its original purity, its tenderness and constancy, and the instances of heroic fidelity and unswerving attachment, such as in other countries are heard of in fable, are of pretty common occurrence among us. Our literature of course teems with such stories. Our history, did we possess one, would abound with such facts. I do believe that there is a good proportion of Hindoo widows who would despise themselves for the slightest thought, word or deed derogatory to their life-long, nay eternal loyalty to their deceased lords, and would resent the

offer of a second marriage as an insult—shrink from the idea with horror as a crime.

The mutual attachment of masters and servants, of masters and pupils, here reaches to a degree which would not be believed in any other land. The affection between parents and sons, between even distant members of the same family, the attachment to country, to one's village, one's old homestead, these are the difficulty of every reformer. The Hindoo, more than any other, here practically rejects the supremacy of reason. The missionary might convince him fifty times over that he ought to forsake Hindooism and embrace Christianity, and yet the Reverened gentlemen would be rash to expect that he had gained a convert. He might be chagrined to find his docile pupil the next day quietly enjoying a Hindoo ceremony. That "unbought grace of life," the destruction of which Burke so beautifully deplored as among the effects of the Revolution, still thrives, if anywhere, here in its last refuge.

What is the relation between the governors and the governed, king and subjects, in such a country? Just what might be expected? This, of all the world, ought to be the home of loyalty and royal duty. Here loyalty must reach its highest perfection.

And so it is. Our affectionateness is in every sphere of life a disease; in its political form, in our relations with our Princes, it is quite as extreme as in any other. No feudal lord received

such devotion from his liegeman, nor felt such devotion for his king, as the devotion of the servants of Indian Princes to their masters, even when they may not be satisfied with the latter's conduct. Even Serajud-dowla, whose crimes alienated the best and most important of his officers and of the chiefs of the country, was not all alone. In the evening twilight of his sun he was served with a zeal to the death worthy of a better cause. The people retain the virtue even to this day, when national character has been pulverized by adverse influences. Were such attachment not common enough in the East, indeed throughout the world, being perhaps one of the redeeming features of a previous state of society, I might be tempted by the example of Europeans to claim it peculiarly for Hinduism, and to assert that the latter lent it to Buddhism and Mahomedanism. This at least can be boldly stated that no civilized nation, except the Hindoos, has ever consecrated loyalty, ennobling it into a religious obligation. The king is represented in our Scriptures as a god, as many of the so-called gods in our mythology appear to have been no more than powerful or benevolent ancient kings. Thus the highest authority, Menu, says:—"As the world without a sovereign would tremble in fear, the Lord created a king for the preservation of Church and State, or Laws, religious and civil, created a king out of atoms from the bodies of Indra, (the lord of heaven or genius

of the sky) Pavana, (the lord or genius of the wind) Yama, (death or the lord of the infernal regions) Surya, (the lord or genius of the sun,) Agni, (genius of fire,) Varuna, (the genius of water,) Chandra, (the genius of the moon,) and Kuvera, (genius of riches,) wherefore, a king formed as he is of portions from these principal gods, excelleth in glory all men. He like the sun, dazzles all eyes and burns all hearts, and no mortal can bear to look on him. He is fire and air, sun and moon, the genius of justice upon wrong-doers, and of riches, the lord of waters, the lord of the sky."* The same authority continues:— "A king, although a mere child, must never be trifled with or treated lightly, as if he were, or in the belief that he is, only a man, for in truth, he is a mighty god in human form." † Of course, the great lawgiver characterizes disloyalty as a delusion, and warns every body against it, though his chief dissuading agency is the awful! consequence of royal wrath.‡ To visit a king and make an offering to him is one of the highest kinds of pilgrimage.‖ Among the daily religious duties of every Hindoo citizen, be he Brahmin or Kshettrya, or Vaishya, the Shradh holds a prominent place; when I mention that every Shradh begins with a propitia-

* Menu, Ch. VII, Vs. 3—7.

† Menu, Ch. VII, V. 8.

‡ Menu, Ch. VII, V. 12.

‖ He should visit on every day of the new moon, and on other monthly *Párvans*, the king, for the sake of protection. Menu, Ch. IV, Vol. 153.

tory offering to the king, the dignity of the king in the Hindoo polity and society may be estimated. Whatever the cause of this, whether it means an enthusiasm for order and law as the corner-stone of society, the fact is there.

How fortunate must it be to be king in such a land, must be the feeling of the royal clan throughout the world! England must be the most envied of sovereigns to rule such a nation! Not exactly so. England has hardly reaped a tittle of the advantage of the intense sentiment of loyalty which from of old pervades the Hindoos. Not because, as a religious sentiment, it could not be accorded to *Mlecchas*, infidels. I am aware of that scruple, but it sways fewer minds, and among those there are many who only make a convenience of the scruple to justify their barbarous hate towards the British. I know that the most truly religious men, including Hindoos of the most rigid orthodoxy, regard the British sovereignty in the same light that they would do the rule of one of their own people; they consider it obedience to God to accept with thankfulness and cheerfulness any power He pleases to set over them. I believe this is the spirit of Hindooism, and all true patriots should foster this spirit of content so far. It was in this spirit, this tendency to identify the visible sovereign of a great empire with the Almighty, that the Hindoos, under the government of another class of *Mlecchas*, translated the Moslem formula "Allah Akbar"—"God

great," or the "Great God" as "God Akbar," the Emperor. The belief in the Great Mogul's divinity was expressed in the Sanskrit formula "the Emperor is God," or literally, "the Lord of Delhi (*Diliswara*) the Lord of the Universe, (*Jagadiswara*)" and is part of the general belief.

How has England been so unfortunate? What is the cause of the comparative rarity of loyalty in its own land? We still never ignore the Sovereign in our religious ceremonies, and our Sovereign pines for want of loyalty of subjects.

> Water, water, everywhere!
> Nor any drop to drink!

Alas for the difficulties of Indian loyalty! History has been its chief enemy. Loyalty is the expression of a relation between two parties, or rather a sentiment entertained by one of two parties for the other: it requires an object. That object has been denied to India ever since she has passed under the dominion of an European power. Loyalty, whatever else its nature, is essentially a personal thing, the feeling of one person feeding on another person. The Bengali proverb says, no clap can ensue without the palms of two hands. So no loyalty can arise without two persons, a king and a subject. With European rule in India, generally, the former has not been forthcoming; or where it has been forthcoming it has been fatal to the claim of the European Power

to loyalty. Loyalty is a distinct strong sentiment like patriotism, and is only possible where there is a distinct relation of king and subject, as patriotism is possible where there is a distinct nationality or country. But the relation of the European Powers to India has never been of a definite character at all, and misunderstanding from difference of language and manners has added to the confusion. Europe, as the saying goes, entered the East as a needle and came out as an elephant. Every Western Power sought the privilege of commerce with these shores, and with that object permission to purchase land for making a warehouse; the warehouse was clandestinely converted into a fort, a settlement formed round the nucleus of the fort, and the settlement, by as many, but perhaps still more subtle, stages, developed into the empire. That is the European history of Asia in a nutshell—the history of every Western Power which has gained a footing in the East—the history pre-eminently of England, as the most successful Asiatic Power. I leave the most profound jurists and statesmen to decide the point where the commercial character was determined and the sovereign character began, or where the sovereign was superadded to the commercial character. There is no doubt that the agents whose acts constituted the assumption of kingly privileges were often unaware of the meaning of those acts—their employers always. Long after the East India Company had become sovereign of Bengal and

was fast becoming that of India, the Court of Directors ignored their position, understood not the clear drift of events. It is no wonder that the people of India were at a loss: they could not determine the object of their allegiance, were in uncertainty and distress, discontented within themselves and ridiculed by others. Japhet in search of a father was nothing to this nation in search of a king, this empire distracted by a number of thrones, gold, silver and iron. The inappreciation of the Directors of their position, and the natural timidity of merchants in affairs of state, kept up the hollowness of forms. The King of Delhi was maintained long after Britain had taken his place. To whom was Indian loyalty due? To the form and insignia of sovereignty or to the reality of power? The British could hardly complain, when they themselves paid or expressed their allegiance to the Mogul, if their example should be followed, specially when it conformed to old practice.

Even when the timidity and shyness of the Directors gradually wore off with the practice of large political transactions, and they might be supposed to be prepared to assume kingship, their position in their own country utterly prevented their doing so. Their position indeed was an anomaly, subjects in their own country, kings abroad!

Some of the European Powers, as the Portuguese, and sometimes each of the Powers, put forward the names of their respective Kings, and even sent se-

parate sets of officers in those names. But, for the understanding of the people of the East, this did not improve matters. The King's and the Company's servants were jealous of each other and quarreled, and the King's sometimes had the worst of it in such conflicts. So powerful and combative a firm of *mahájans* was strange to the people. Moreover, under the best circumstances for royalty, the people of India got only a name. The King of Great Britain and Ireland or of France could be no more to them. But it was a name to which they could attach a meaning, because they knew the thing signified in their own country. But an Honorable Company of Merchants ruling over Empires was beyond their comprehension, while the impersonal Government was an incubus upon their heart. A government without a king—a machinery not a personality—with the unerring character of fate, without love or hate as they fancied, and often found, it infinitely distressed their imagination. There was no object for their loyal yearnings. In this stress they repeatedly tried to invest the Company with an imaginary personality. They could not think of impersonal power, given as they were to personify even the forces of nature. They had not had experience of any other than a personal government. There is no word in their language for republic. So they spoke of Company Bahadoor and thought of a man, and were continually corrected by those who were better

instructed. It may well be imagined that such a history was fatal to the production of loyalty.

The abolition of the East India Company simplified by a great deal the Constitution of the country. The haste with which, the moment at which, the abolition was accomplished was unworthy of all—the act and the parties—concerned. The measure seemed to involve grave risks which were pointed out by able writers at the time and embodied, many of them, in the famous Petition of the Company. But the simplification, from the change of the Constitution, was undoubted. At this distance of time, people do not fully remember the extent of this boon. It was not from a double Government as it was called that the country was relieved, or from a triple or quadruple Government, but from a Governmental maze—a complicated endless executive and legislative machinery. This complication, with its countless evils, chief of which was perhaps the abolition of individuality and responsibility, by which fifty officers and departments laid claim to any successful or good work, thus discouraging merit and encouraging idleness, while not a single person or office could be laid hold of to fix a mistake or folly or crime upon, had had a curious effect on the mind of the Indian people. It lost them a king. It crowded their mind with a constitutional jungle in which they could not find the king; there was long grass and brushwood and shrubbery and even superior

plants, but there was no Banian Tree. They gave up in despair the pursuit of royalty. The people of India had for generations seen the Great Mogul dwindle, and although they saw likewise the rise of another people, they saw not the corresponding rise of any man. No Great Saxon replaced the Great Mogul. The empire of Delhi succumbed to no Timur, no founder of a dynasty, but to a system, a machinery, if not to an abstraction. Shah Allum was the last king of India. The following century was an interregnum in the minds of the people. With their monarchical and splendid longings, they were infinitely distressed by the vacancy in their throne. Without a king there was no possiblity of a royal pageant, no room for the exercise of loyalty.

The abolition of the Company did more than abridge the distance between the sovereign and subjects, tore away the intermediate screens. It virtually for the first time gave India a sovereign. Still the sovereign was but a name. The assumption of the Government by the Crown, which left the *naeb* and *amlah* (agent and officers) of the Company in their places, and continued the regulations and acts, rules and practice of the former administration, seemed, and was to some extent, a paper change. The machinery of several presidencial and local Governments with Councils and Chief Commissioners and Lieutenant-Governors and Governors, with separate executives and judiciaries and legislatures, cap-

ped by a Supreme Legislative and another Executive Council and a Governor-General, controlled by a Council and Minister in London, himself but a member of the Government of England and subordinate to the Prime Minister and responsible to Parliament, itself a complication, seemed but a doubtful improvement upon the previous double Government. A royal personality was as little visible as ever. For all the gratitude that any natives might feel towards the British rule for the benefits it had conferred on the country, the personal sentiment of loyalty could hardly arise. The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh made the assumption a reality. It demonstrated the monarchy, gave the people the reflex glimpse of a crown. The Prince was proof of the Sovereign. He made for the first time after an age loyalty a possibility in India. And once loyalty a possibility, India showed by her enthusiasm how very loyal she was.

It is interesting to enquire into the policy of the great Indian politicians and statesmen in the government of dependencies. Manu, in this as in other matters the chief authority, delivers himself on the subject with a wisdom which Machiavelli might envy and an honesty to which Machiavelli does not pretend. England would do well to take a leaf out of the Institutes of the great Brahmin and study. Nay, the enlightened Christian states now at war might profitably consult the pages of the same volume, so

eternal in truth and universal in application are the maxims taught in it. The whole chapter on Government is one of the noblest monuments of which the Hindu or any nation might be proud.

After a variety of most practical suggestions, the great teacher proceeds :—

"Having conquered a country, let him respect the deities adored in it, and their virtuous priests; let him also distribute largesses *to the people*, and cause a full exemption from terrour to be loudly proclaimed.

202. "When he has perfectly ascertained the conduct and intentions of all the vanquished, let him fix in that country a prince of the royal race, and give him precise instructions.

203. "Let him establish the laws of the conquered nation, as declared *in their books;* and let him gratify the new prince with gems *and other precious gifts.*

204. "The seizure of desirable property, though it cause hatred, and the donation of it, though it cause love, may be laudable or blameable on different occasions :

205. "All this *conduct of human affairs* is considerd as dependent on acts ascribed to the deity, and on acts ascribed to men; now the operations of the deity cannot be known by any intenseness of thought, but those of men may be clearly discovered.

206. "Or the victor, considering an ally, territory and wealth as the triple fruit of conquest, may form,

an alliance with the vanquished prince, and proceed in union with him, using diligent circumspection.

207. "He should pay due attention to the prince, who supported his cause, and to any other prince in the circumjacent region, who checked that supporter, so that, both from a well-wisher and from an opponent, he may secure the fruit of his expedition.

208. "By gaining wealth and territory a king acquires not so great an increase of strength, as by obtaining a firm ally, who, though weak, may hereafter be powerful.

209. "That ally, though feeble, is highly estimable, who knows the whole extent of his duties, who gratefully remembers benefits, whose people are satisfied, *or who has a gentle nature*, who loves his friend, and perseveres in his good resolutions.

210. "Him have the sages declared an enemy hard to be subdued, who is eminently learned, of a noble race, personally brave, dextrous in management, liberal, grateful, and firm.

211. "Good nature, knowledge of mankind, valour, benignity of heart, and incessant liberality, are the assemblage of virtues, which adorn a neutral prince, *whose amity must be courted.*

222. "Even a salubrious and fertile country, where cattle continually increase, let a king abandon without hesitation for the sake of preserving himself."

And much more in the same strain. But what it is necessary here is to remark that the Hindu policy

is to "fix in the dependency a prince of the royal race," and to understand its *rationale*. Paid Agents are sufficient for business to meet all contingencies, but there is something which they can hardly do, and which is the end of statesmanship. They cannot evoke the loyalty of the people for the new *régime*, for loyalty wants a king or an adequate substitute, and there is none such; they cannot effect a political fusion between the nation and the Government. A king, though a conqueror, even a prince of the blood royal, will gradually by the exercise of his personality, by simply allowing the national mind and heart and eye to feed on his person or name and feasts and feats and shows, gradually dissipate the sense of foreign subjection from the country. No succession of Cornwallises or Bentincks will do that. After that, the importance, the political and national importance, for both India and Great Britain, of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit will, it is earnestly hoped, be appreciated.

THE PRINCE AT CALCUTTA.

THE LANDING.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves on the feeling which has been evoked among our countrymen by the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince must be very hard to please if he is not satisfied with the reception which he has met with from the people. The whole country went out to welcome him to our shores on the day of his arrival. Not only the metropolis, not only the Province, but all of all parts of the country, near or remote, who could afford it, had flocked to the Capital to give themselves the pleasure of receiving a real live Prince of the Empire, and on that day crowded the river and *ghat* and streets and the *maidan*. Even the distant sister Presidencies and Provinces were well represented not only by their Governors and Chief Commissioners, but also by such leading men as the Jeejeebhoys and others, and such *in one sense* representative men like Mr. Cursetjee—all of whom have had to make sacrifices to come here. The gathering was of a character the very opposite of exclusive or select—it was varied in its composition. All classes and races were fully represented, except perhaps Dr. Hunter's *protegés*, the pure aborigines and

the lowest cultivating classes. The Chiefs, who have for a week previous been the evening attraction of the Strand, and of all social gatherings, and made the "city of palaces" one of princes, were a good number, between the territorials of political status who formed part of the procession, and the younger brothers of chiefs and scions of noble houses and the princely noblemen who did not. There were all the professions and trades, Jesuit Pádres and Wesleyan Missionaries, Judges and Jurymen, Barristers and Vakeels of all grades, and Mooktears, together with the victims of them all, Doctors of Medicine, Hakims, Vaidyas and the lowest quacks and surgeon-barbers and the victims of them all, journalists and subscribers, schoolmasters and school-boys, merchants and shopkeepers, clerks and shopmen—and all the "nationalities," Bengalis, Ooryahs, Hindustanis, Rohillas, Panjabis, Marwaris, Jats, Bondelas, Rajpoots, Maharattas, Guzratis, Parsees, Moplahs, Dravidians, Afghans, Persians, Turks, Arabs, Jews, Armenians, Koords, Syrians, Greeks, Burmese, Siamese, Malays and Chinese,—and all the religions, fetish worshippers, fire-worshippers, idolators of every hue, Hindus, Buddhists, Christians of all denominations—all were there, but most of all, as proportionately and geographically fitting, Hindus, Bengalis, Baboos. The whole country had been rousing itself for several weeks before until it went mad about the coming Prince. No event ever so universally or so profoundly moved the people

of India. Since the announcement of the Prince's advent a grand exodus commenced, at first the inhabitants of the outlying regions, the most distant parts, left their homes for the capital, next the less remote citizens, lastly those of the neighbouring provinces and districts, all flocked to the scene which was to be consecrated by the princely presence, that *ghat* famous both for the landing and embarkation of so many Governors and Generals and Governors-General and Viceroys and then about to achieve its crowning triumph in the tread of royal or all but royal feet. Never before on any occasion was there such stir. There were gatherings and jubilee in the metropolis and the cities on the assumption of the direct Government of India by the Crown, but nothing like these now. *That* was an occasion of very mixed feelings—and not all pleasant—one of fear as well as hope, of a strife not yet ended, a peace not fully consummated: the scene was a cradle, to be sure, but it was a death-bed likewise—the cradle of a new *régime* whose good was yet a wish, an anticipation—the death-bed of a *régime* which for all its numerous and grave crimes, vices and follies had done good in its day. It was essentially an occasion of unrest, regret and anxiety—unrest in the present, regret for some features of the past, grave anxiety for the future. A single sentiment now pervades the whole, all pleasant—an enthusiasm of loyalty and welcome. India is not one country no one race nor

only more than one, but many countries and many races, each sprung from an origin peculiarly its own, each having a history, traditions, interests, views, passions, heart and mind all its own: on every subject the action and attitude of each is different from that of another and of the rest. In one matter, on a single occasion the countries and races have shown themselves one. The visit of His Royal Highness has made the *ne plus ultra* of heterogeneousness the perfection of homogeneity. At the prospect of the arrival of a personal representative of that strong comprehensive sovereignty which binds all together by a political bond, the various creeds, peoples, and geographical divisions were disciplined into nationality, into national unity. And now all welcome the same in a land where trifles are bones of jealousy or contention between a hundred races, classes, castes, sections of castes. The universal but at the same time non-business character of the present event which has so thoroughly roused India, has, more than anything else, more than loyalty itself, brought about the result—the unanimity of feeling, the fervor, the *eclât*. Whatever the geographical extent of the country, or the number of its provinces and peoples, the event is common, and for the same reason, to the same extent, to all—a call to the performance, long desired, and cheerful, of a common duty; while its utter colorlessness in point of business has lulled to sleep the usual jealousies and bickerings which make a proposition

taken up with zeal by one class sure to be rejected by another, which make the favorite ideas of one section the detestation of the next, which make the idol of one race the laughing-stock of their neighbours. All are of one heart and mind, and they have shown it, and they have not yet done with it. Not only Chiefs who were invited have come but also men of all grades above want. Not in dozens, not in hundreds, but in thousands have such men come, come from the distance of a thousand miles, not on business, not in the train of Chiefs, but for the purpose of adding their persons to the crowd which was to receive with cheers our Sovereign's Son at landing, and, if possible, to beguile and lead him unresistingly to their respective Provinces and Capitals. They have not merely come কায়ক্লেশে—wan, worn out, fatigued and bitter-faced, as if to prosecute a hopeless appeal before a higher court, but come well, and in all gladness, and smiling, in their gala dresses and Pooja-day spirits. All business had been postponed for the one business at hand. All leisure and means were employed by every one to qualify himself for the paramount duty of giving the illustrious visitor a right royal, at any rate an entirely loyal, greeting.

Such a gathering from all quarters has never before met at Calcutta within our time—and there have been gatherings in our time. The reception of the Sikh guns was graced chiefly by Calcutta notabilities—now these magnates are nowhere; like the

children and closer relations of a family when there are crowds of strangers or comparative strangers to receive, Calcutta has been eclipsed. What with the great increase and thoroughly altered character of the population, what with the confusion of costumes and tongues and other circumstances equally confusing—were it not for the instinct of personal identity, Calcutta might fail to recognize herself. In the reign of Lord Dalhousie, Calcutta was enlivened by no more important or numerous personages from outside than the Ambassador of His Golden Footed Majesty of Burmah, or from Native India than the late Maharajah Narender Singh of Puttialah, and Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. In Lord Canning's time the Talookdars of Oude made a good show, but they were but the barons of a Province; and large as was the concourse at Sir Cecil Beadon's Exhibiton, it was not so large nor did it consist of such or so many officially or politically high-placed men, as on Wednesday last; and though Scindhia has been here before in Lord Canning's time, as well as Jeypore, Ulwar, Rewah, and Kuppoorthullah,—and Puttialah, and Rampore, too, besides, who are absent now, yet at no one time and on no one occasion before in the Metropolis did they all or so many of them assemble as on the present occasion; and if we miss the two last-named chiefs, it must be remembered that Dholepore, Bhurtpore, the Begum of Bhopal, not to mention minor chiefs like Hutwah and Punna, have now

for the first time visited this city. Lord Lawrence, with all his supposed personal friendship with the chiefs and people of India, and for all his private and official influence, could not at his departure get up a decent display: Bikrama Singh, whose absurd pretensions the retiring Governor-General had enouraged with apparent partiality, was a poor substitute for the genuine Kuppoorthullah; no dozens of *keranis* and *tehsildars* will outweigh a single Jeejeebhoy, and a Sindhia or Jeypore or Dholepore or Ulwar or Rewah or Bhurtpore is worth all the noblemen who happened to be at Calcutta on business at the last Viceroy's departure, or even any number of Jan Fishan Khans—not to mention the precedence of the Governors of Madras and Bombay, present now, over the rulers of Oudh, the Punjab, and the North-Western Provinces, who only came then,—or the manifest preponderance of high officials on the present occasion. Mr. Resident Lawrence's brotherly solicitude saved Lord Lawrence's departure from absolute contempt by his timely bringing down the Nepalese embassy turbaned in the jewellery plundered at Lucknow in 1857, or received from refugees in grateful *nuzzur* for shelter. On all such occasions, however, not excepting the most favored, the *personnel* was Asiatic and Anglo Indian—on *this* it was both oriental and occidental—universal. The principal personage, to begin with, amidst the gathered host—the object of all the attentions, the stimulus to all

the loyal devotion, the passion for merry-making and pageantry—is a Prince of the Reigning Family, the first who set foot in Bengal, at any rate since Shah Allum's unfortunate raid into the Upper Province,—a Prince of the British Dynasty, the first who ever set foot in India. As the principal figure was never so illustrious, so the surrounding group never so brilliant nor so numerous, the attending pomp so great, the honoring pageant so magnificent. Never in any show in London or Edinburgh does there occur any marked oriental element; never before in our Anglo-Indian shows was there much European. White-washed Turks or Parsees are no more distinguishable than naturalized Jews, and a jewelled Nawab or turbaned Raja scarcely suffices to dilute the rank "Englishism" of Her Majesty's levee or the Prince of Wales' drawingroom. In India the infinity of turbans and jewels and shawls and wide drawers and long loose robes and dark skins and variegated coverings rather suppressed the European leaven. On the present occasion the Europeanism is strong enough to assert itself, to attract. Europe is represented by more than the stereotyped civil and military and "independent" Anglo-Indians and Anglo-Indianism. The *personnel* of the gatherings and sights since Wednesday evening has been enriched by the accession of pure Britishers. At other times the notabilities assembled were orientals and Anglo-Indians. On this occasion for the first time

has there been a large influx of high and titled English visitors. The first visit of any member of the Royal Family of England—of a son of Her Majesty to her Dominions in India—has for the first time brought the East and the West together in scenic combination. Pale-faced English noblemen, ruddy young English gentlemen *khas*, brawny British navvies, were the speciality of the *tableau* of the Landing of the First English Prince in India, and has since continued to be the attraction of this Babel of the East, enlivening Anglo-Indian talk with naval and general slang, and contributing color and movement to the picture. On the whole, then, whether for variety, blending of hues, for light and shade, for glitter and grandeur, for ethnological and artistic study, for confusion of tongues, for the number of important elements, for even mere numbers, the assemblages on Wednesday and at the Government House receptions, at the Seven Tanks, and at Belvedere, to do honor to our Prince, were the largest and most magnificent in the annals of the Capital, we might almost say of the empire which remembers the glories of the Mogul.

Thus the gathering was all that could be wished —one which satisfied the most loyal heart, of which every Briton might be proud. But the ceremony of open-air reception of the Prince was marred by the never-failing "Englishism." We use the word in a sense different from Mr. Kaye's—we allude to the,

blundering of this northern people on all ceremonial occasions, blundering which reminds one, reminds us most bitterly to think how far down in the scale are we—of the sarcasm of Napoleon. There seems really to be a fatality about the management of the English of great state occasions—they always contrive—yes, to all appearance, contrive—to murder pageants. On Wednesday, for instance, the whole long street through which the Prince passed to Government House was but thinly lined with troops—the sepoys stood here and there at long intervals and were almost unperceived in the crowd—the Police arrangements alone were perfect, but the rest execrable—the procession was poor enough, and such as it was, its effect was marred by division into separate bodies, displeasing to the eye and imagination by long blanks, and above all, the Prince whom so many had gathered to see and welcome was hurried through in the dark; —it was impossible to distinguish him from the Viceroy, and altogether to know who was who;—in that unlighted dark evening, identification was out of the question, and people were left to guess that in some way or other the printed programme was carried out; —the utmost impression that nine-tenths of the people carried home, was a supposition that the Prince rode a white or grey horse, that he was followed by troopers and artillery, and that the native princes who were to form part of the procession were nowhere. They were there, for all that, except the Begum

of Bhopal, who had not reached town. The hour fixed for the landing was a great mistake, and the mistake marred the pageant, and created infinite disgust and disappointment to thousands on an auspicious and loyal occasion, the first of its kind in the British history of India.

THE FIREWORKS AND THE ILLUMINATION.

The next night Calcutta was in a blaze. Preparations had been making for weeks by Government, by the city authorities, and by the inhabitants for illumination on Thursday night, and the result, so far as the citizens were concerned, was worthy of them and the occasion, worthy of royalty and worthy of a people like the Hindus and the Mahomedans practised in illumination who habitually light up their houses and house fronts in, as the Bengali proverb goes, thirteen festivals in the twelve months, besides the Mahomedan festivals, and twice a year universally on the grandest scale, on the *Dewali* and the *Shoobarát*. It was a night of light, conceived in light, born in light, living in light, and expiring in light. It was no night, indeed, but a continuation of the day, a continuation and an aggravation. This second part of the 23rd December dawned with the conflagration of a magazine of wonders in the shape of pyrotechnic devises towards the south end of the town, which the Royal Visitor and his Viceroyal host enjoyed from the Race-stand, and grew apace in splendor

from hour to hour, putting forth, here and there striking magnificence in relief from the surrounding, universal dead level of light. The night scene of our White Town is worthy of the City of Palaces. What with a broad deep rapid stream weighted with several miles of shipping interposing between the city and its chief suburb and great gardens, what with a spacious fort and gothic tower, what with a long plain and a considerable garden, not to speak of monuments and statues, Calcutta is a noble city, and is set to especial advantage under the gas-light. Look from the middle of the *Maidan*, or indeed, from almost any point within the large territory between Chowringhee and the River, and between Government Place, and Bhowanipore and Alipore, and your eye will be bewilderingly delighted with the celestial sphere, which will present to it twinkling on every side. The several uncommon features of the town, of flood, field and forest, of grassy ramparts and lofty barracks, of domes and spires and taller masts; of wide extended sward variegated by red ways, all throw the lights into a thousand beautiful arrangements and curious devises. Such is Calcutta of any evening. How was it on that! when the advantages of her situation and her possessions were enhanced by art and wealth at the service of enthusiastic loyalty. It seemed as if Calcutta in a moment of madness was ready, like the songster Tansen, to die in a blaze. From Chandpal Ghât, by Government Place,

over Esplanade Row, to the elegant little mosque in the Dhurmtollah corner, and thence along Chowringhee to Bishop's Palace and the Cathedral, it was one continuation of innumerable lines of light—an amphitheatre on fire—the gates and doors and rails and cornices and walls and verandahs of all the houses were lined with lamps—lamps upon lamps "in gay theatric pride"—transparencies and revolving lights were countless; while here and there might be seen smaller fountains of light, detached from the two great lighted walls referred to, in the lighted *ghats* and kiosks in the *Maidan*—the Ochterlony column rising over all like a light-(not water-) spout from the green expanse, and Messrs. Baker and Catliff, like a giant Police Officer, with his huge lantern, shooting through the whole rays which made day at the distance of two miles. What a difference between a city preparing for illumination and a city illuminated! Who could have imagined that the wretched bamboo scaffolds and unglazed dirty earthen *cherags*, which were such a nuisance the previous week, would be the source of so much beauty and artistic effect. Well might Milton apostrophise light as "holy" when it could perform the miracle of making unfinished houses with bare walls and netted all round with bamboo scaffolds, and indeed, by means of such scaffolds and the expenditure of a few tons of stinking unction, "things of beauty" which if they are not joys for ever, were certainly such for one night, when it could sanctify castor oil and rude bam-

boo! What an unsightly thing in one of the best quarters was, and still is, the High Court building—aye, building, to be sure! How all of a sudden it took rank on Thursday evening as a queen among the structures of light in that carnival of light! How shabby indeed the whole town looked with the bamboo rigging at every inch of wall, exposed to view—how all the palaces and domes and spires seemed to mourn in this dress, yet how Light, holy Light, like Charity, covered all the sins, and converted all to glory! This quality, indeed, of light narrowly saved the credit of the Government, and the Municipality, and the officials, for they had invested entirely in the dirty and stinking barbarism of bamboo and *cherag* and oil. Honor, nevertheless, is due to our enterprizing tradesmen and the Native gentlemen who at great cost went in for the light of civilization, the lights of the age, gas-, electric-, magnesium-, lights. Chowringhee, though it presented a grand array, was poor in material, dealing for the most part in *cherags*, and the clubs whose especial function is illumination failed in their duty. The Maharája of Bhurtpore showed them a good example of taste and civilization. Government House, of course, was not perceived in the neighbouring light, and any one might that night have easily strayed into the viceregal premises in mistake, as into the neglected outhouses of the shopkeepers of Calcutta. Such a tempting field for illuminating art was missed. But

the general illumination of the squares and streets made up for the partial gloom of the viceregal Palace. The principal public buildings made great figures in their robes of light. The opportunity wasted in Government House was amply compensated in the Post-office, which with its dome rose a majestic pile of light. The whole of Dalhousie Square was enchanted ground, with the long and lofty Writers' Buildings terminating in the church in the corner in a spire of light. The Fever Hospital satisfied the large expectation it had raised, and College Square did much more—surprized every body by its splendid effect. It is a pity that the Duke did not pass through the Native town, for his Royal Highness would have then had a full idea of the enthusiastic loyalty of Her Majesty's Native subjects. The few neighbourhoods he hurriedly drove past must have satisfied him with the signs of their enthusiasm. The Persians in Chitpore Road made a tasteful display, while Collootolah Street presented a most beautiful prospect, the Coloos (oilmen) expending their nauseous liquid without stint, Ameer Khan* proving his loyalty by gas V. R., Star and Welcome, Baboo Gooroodas Dutt going in for more gas, and Baboo Heeraloll Seal and Brothers crowning the whole with extensive gas works. The

* The old hide merchant who is always mixing himself or being mixed up by others with matters Wahabee, now a second or third time in prison for such folly or fatality, where he is detained to this day (1871) in spite of Mr. Anstey, who has made him famous, though.

demonstration of the native community was however represented in miniature by, and found its climax in, the enthusiasm of the Dutts of Wellington Square, who not only made their house a house of light, but also, by means of arches and curtains of mangoe and deodar leaves and garlands of flowers, together with a profusion of flags and garlands and mangoe leaves overhanging the broad street from side to side, itself spanned by an arch of lighted gas as by a chain of stars, converted it almost into an illuminated grove. As the Viceroy and the Prince approached, they were received with the Oriental welcome of a musical salute of first-rate *dhols* and *nowbat*, and the whole cavalcade with evident satisfaction, waved their hats to the hurrahs and the *hurrybols* which greeted them.

There was a great lack of invention in the illumination designs, but above all in the mottoes for illumination. It is not in the nature of things that in such a large city there should be no exception to this condemnation. It is also natural that those who deviated from the beaten track for mottoes were the very men that showed any taste and originality in illumination. Where so many illuminated their houses so profusely and at so much expense, it would be invidious to single out names for praise, but the prominence of Messrs. Bathgate and Co., the chemists, and the preeminence of Messrs. T. E. Thomson & Co., the hardware men, were unquestioned; and neither of these firms were content with mere profusion of light, but

both also sported innumerable devices, decorations and sentiments in Latin and English. Bathgate's transparencies showing the Scotch Lion and Crown, the Order of the Thistle with mottos, and the Order of the Star of India with mottos, in front, in Old Court House Street, flanked by another in Larkin's Lane emblazoning the City Arms of Edinburgh with motto, &c., were appropriate to the occasion, and much admired. Thomson's transparencies representing "Perseverance" a ploughman with his plough and horses in sight of Edinburgh Castle and Calton Hill, and "Progress" a man driving a traction-engine in an Indian district, amid palms and Eastern plants and shrubs, together with their Edinburgh Crest surmounted by a large anchor with "Nisi Dominus Frustra" inscribed, supported by stars, with "Ne Cede Malis" in large transparent characters inscribed on one side and "Labor omnia vincit" on the other, constituted a more imaginative performance, and one more than appropriate to the occasion, appropriate to the scene as well, to the visitor and the visited, the welcomer and the welcomed. For the rest, none went beyond the stereotyped "Welcome," "God save the Queen" and "God save the Duke." At Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore's only was there any grasp shown of the imperial character of the country and the Government. The gate put up in that neighbourhood, on the west side of Chitpore Road at the Jorasanko crossing, alone made any effort at poetry,

although the poetical result was rather *namby pamby*. Monteith among the Trades alone ventured on anything new in the stereotyped formula. It was a blessing that the Prince belongs to the Navy, so that it easily occurred to the Calcutta duffers to put up designs of anchors and "welcomes" to our "Sailor Prince," else, there would have been a worse monotony. The Clubs were utterly barren. The Dutts of Wellington Square again saved the reputation of the city by a single example of originality. Their motto in gas was worthy of a Vedic Bard—it was in the famous line জয়োস্তু পাণ্ডু পুত্রানাং যেষাং পক্ষে জনার্দ্দনঃ, a line, which, for compressing in a few words a world of meaning, is unrivalled. It is at once a welcome, an explanation of Indian Loyalty to the Crown of England, a maxim for safe guidance of the Crown in its government of its greatest Dependency, the highest possible compliment, and the most delicate warning, and perhaps (if we read *Pandy*, the distinctive generic name given by Anglo-Indians to the natives since the Mutinies, in which Pandy figured so conspicuously, for *Pándu*) too, a recognition of not only the human and political brotherhood, but also strictly ethnic identity of the British and Indian, the Western Indo-Germanic and the Eastern Aryan races. In the spirit of that proverbial Sanscrit verse, hallowed to us by time and religion, we are content to welcome the son of more than our Queen, or Empress Victoria.

A round of dinners, balls, morning and evening parties, reviews and exhibitions, soldiers' games and seamen's games, *fetés*, soirees, receptions, it would be too long to give an account of each, and perhaps also too tedious, for the interest of reading, the description of eating or dancing, or conversing or seeing, can never compare with the interest of the original acts themselves. Those who have partaken of any pleasure, the description of it is likely to irritate by inadequacy, those who have not done so, it may pain with a regret for not having done so. That will be our excuse for hurrying through some parts of our chronicle. These twelve days, from the arrival of the Prince, have been so many days, almost so many hours, of sights and shows and amusement in our vice-regal capital. The inhabitants and sojourners among us have made a business of pleasure, and a very brisk business of it. Never before, since the villages of Chuttanutty and Govindpore attracted the eye of Job Charnock, has Calcutta had such an opportunity; and she has used it to the utmost. There was indeed a time when a reigning Nawab visited it. Serajuddowlah was more than a Viceroy; the decay, and for the moment abeyance, of Delhi, had made him practically independent; at any rate a Viceroy of the Great Mogul was always, if not a more important, an infinitely more magnificent personage than a Viceroy of the Great Briton, as the Mogul Court of Bengal was more luxurious than the British

Court of all India. But the last real Nawab of Bengal's visit to the city was in its infancy, when it was a factory not a capital, when it was only a refuge in the midst of thicket and jungle and swamp of a few agents of a company of foreign merchants, and of a number of native outlaws and of tradesmen and merchants fled from Mogul persecution and oppression, and Mahratta ravage,—long before its warehouses had been converted into palaces, when in fact, it could ill receive a royal or vice-regal visit suitably, when it had no capacity for grand reception, and when even if it had it would not put forth its powers for grand reception, for fear of exciting the cupidity and lust for plunder of the rulers of the country. Above all, the visit was a visitation in the direst sense; it was the visit of an enraged despot, the march with all his army of the Nero of Bengal history, the attack of a marauder—a visitation avowedly of chastisement. Nero is said to have fiddled while Rome was burning; but fiddling is an activity not in keeping with the passivity, the horrid indifferentism which traditionally characterizes Oriental despotism; so Serajuddowlah slept, undisturbed by unpleasant dreams, while about a hundred and fifty Englishmen and women were tortured to a slow and excruciating death in a brick box with one small hole. And before the Nawab turned his back upon Calcutta, it was a devasted and ruined city. In the inscrutable ways of Providence, good often comes out

of evil; the disastrous visit of Serajuddowlah to Calcutta was really luck to it, and to the British, and to the whole country. Phœnix-like Calcutta grew out of its ruins into the capital of Bengal, and not long afterwards superceded Delhi; the blood of the martyrs of the Black Hole watered the plant of the British Power in the East into a profuse and sudden growth. Since then, no such royal or semi-royal personages connected with the Government have set foot in Calcutta—though some like the Duc de Brabant, now King of Belgium, and now and then a German prince, not so connected, have done so, and received the fitting Viceregal and high official hospitality, and attracted due but modest general notice, and a magnificent dethroned prince has made in its suburbs his permanent home. This is the first time that a Prince of the Blood of our own Royalty has visited the capital, and he has come under different circumstances and with far other views than the dreaded Serajuddowlah. His Royal Highness has been welcomed by a smiling city, and received the homage of a great army, a great civil service, a great aristocracy, a host of princes and chieftains, and princely merchants and tradesmen, and above all a great and progressive people. Not even the recent calamity of a widespread famine, and the standing calamity of heavy municipal and general taxation have visibly detracted from the universal character or grandeur of the exhibition of loyalty to the throne in the person of the Prince. The ability

of Calcutta for a royal reception has been shown to the best advantage, and she has fully justified her title to the Capital of the Empire.

THE NATIVE RECEPTION.

Perhaps the grandest and most interesting of the displays on the present occasion was the *feté* given by the Native community on the night of the 27th December at the Seven Tanks. The whole of the Northern suburbs of the capital was better than lighted up—the almanack was utterly belied—who could say that it was a dark night, or night at all—darkness was simply nowhere. The stars of Heaven were multiplied *ad infinitum* by some creative energy wrung from the gods by the austerities of the holy Brahmans, who figured so prominently in the programme, and, for want of room in the skies, were scattered broadcast and in thick showers over the earth. All the five miles of road from Government House to the last terminus of the Prince and the Viceroy's journey were illuminated and, behind long lines of the Police, bearing torch lights, embanked by crowded rows of awaiting citizens, intent on the religious merit of *rájadarsan* (king-seeing), whose reverent attitude must have impressed both Prince and Viceroy with their loyalty, and whose perfect orderliness with their civilization. So genuine seems to have been the desire of the shopkeepers and inhabitants on the rather sparsely populated route to do honor by illuminating their

houses and stalls that even the poorest put up a couple or two of additional lamps—a fact worth more than much noisy or showy tribute. At each step, however, the Prince and the Viceroy encountered more and more light, till crossing the canal by the newly-built spacious Tullah bridge, they entered into the very region of light—wreaths of lamps, not few and far between, but numerous as blackberries in season, lining the way on both sides, flanked by illuminated houses, among which the long range of buildings of the Rajahs of Paikpara attracted attention. Next, an improvised high gateway of light warned them that they had neared their journey's end, and they passed through the gate turning to the right into a street which was more profusely lighted, and now the distant view of the Seven Tanks was an enchantment, which arrested the eye and overwhelmed the imagination, and almost stopped short the progress of the lower animals carrying the party by a sudden bewilderment,—one which could never be misunderstood then, nor forgotten since.

Was it a reality or an illusion conjured up by a mischievous fairy? many a mind doubtless asked itself. The eye certainly could not be more sorely tried nor the imagination. All sense of distance was in a moment annihilated in that artfully designed maze of light, and every adult once more tasted the helplessness of childhood—not an unpleasant but a delightfully queer feeling, because self-conscious—one could hard-

ly say which was which, certainly not say how far one thing was from another, whether a cluster of lights was on the bridge or on the ghât, and mistook devices of plucked deodar leaves for real trees, marigolds among mango branches for recent additions to botany, lamps in trees in the distance for swarms of glow-worms brooding over them, often lamps for stars—for the difference between upper and lower sky was missed, and it was impossible to say where the heaven ended and the earth began or where land met water—for it was not merely the barbaric profusion of lights on the dark ground of black night which made up the wonderful effect, nor the taste and industry with which they were arranged, good and great as these were,—there was much doubtless in the accident of a happy disposition, much more in the houses and grounds, and most of all in the circle of water, which gives the place its name, one continuous piece, now a meandering acqueduct, now a masonry-enclosed shelvy reservoir, again an artificial, clean, brick-inclosed rivulet, and anon a wider, unbound, but still well ordered, well-kept tank, all round, all teeming with life—all generations of fishes from hoary, moss-headed, gravely swimming patriarchs to skipping little ones and bounding youths, all so tame as to come to invitation of benevolent visitors who lay for them a homely banquet in the water—bearing here a light barge and there a lighter boat.

It was, it must be confessed, a lucky hit, the selection of the Seven Tanks for the scene of the *feté*. There was no end of places from which to choose. The city of palaces has suburbs to match—full of elegant villas, noble edifices, magnificent seats, romantic retreats, some enjoying majestic river views, others possessing fine artificial pieces of water, and some having both advantages. But for advantages of land and water, of houses and ghâts and bridges, groves and trees and flowers, and walks and garden statues, for proximity to town, for accommodation within doors and out, for internal fittings-up and external beauty of structure, and laying out of the ground around, the Seven Tanks, designed and laid out by the taste and munificence of one of the princely Tagores, who formerly owned it, now the property of the Rothschild of the metropolis, Babu Shama Churn Mullick, stands pre-eminent, and the selection of place, when a public place was not determined upon, was absolutely the best possible, worthy of the hosts and the guests. All considerations combined to mark the Seven Tanks for the occasion.

It is the only private property in Calcutta, besides the zoological garden of Rao Rajendra Mullick Bahadoor attached to his noble mansion, which has rank among the "lions" of the capital, to which new-comers resort as to one of the sights and shows—to which residents, new and old, repair as if to a common institution whenever and as often as they are tired of

the closeness and monotony and brick and dust and dirt of urban life. In days gone by, before the rail had been heard of in these lands, or Master Goplá or Miss Katie could talk of "doing" her "dear" Kutab, the Seven Tanks was in much greater request, a more indispensable retreat. It was the Primrose Hill of our cockney poets, who repaired to it for inspiration and communion with nature. It has been sung in what numbers of successful doggrels and abortive sonnets. Shall I say that it is the garden of Venus as well as of the Muses? For the disconsolate lovers who have treaded its walks in mute abstraction vacantly gazing on the moon or counting the ripples in the liquid silver, what numbers have tasted heavenly bliss in its bowers, or along the grassy slopes of its artificial rivers! Here, how many have been the honey-moon evenings passed by those who could not afford to leave their business or home! How often has the sweet moon of September, insinuating through the leafy folds of the grove, seemed to envy the happiness of loving youth and maiden! What a cheap but none the less delicious place of meeting, away from the hum and heat of town, nor too far to stray from town home! The Elysium of nut-brown maids! True to the associations of Gupta Vrindavan! Here have the fair and the brave and the sentimental and the noble delighted, from Bishop Heber to Miss Roberts, before another Tagore, the most famous of all, the Lorenzo de Medici of Calcutta, rose and designed his more select and aristocratic haunt at Belgachea.

A quasi-public place, thus, and otherwise so eligible, it was indeed the only one which was perfectly suited for the reception of the Prince by the Native community. Its eligibility was now placed beyond question by the lion's share it had in the charm of that night. The advantages of the place certainly enhanced the effect of the profuse and tasteful illumination. Do any of our readers remember at any time, having seen broad isles of bush and jungle in the midst of rivers, covered as by a sparkling sheet of brocade by legions of glowworms of an autumn evening—one of the finest sights in these tropical regions? The innumerable lights peeping through every tree and bespangling every flower-bed and above all issuing from the not over-thick nor too sparse mangoe tope of Gupta Vrindavan (artificial Brindaban, the scene of the loves of Krishna, as the back part of the Seven Tanks was formerly called,) in the back ground—all reflected in the adjoining clear mirrors of the water below, and multiplied, or curled, or broken into a thousand rays, at every gale or every leap of fish or frog or every splash of oar—often reminded us of such. Sometimes the reflection presented streaks of light more or less long, dying at the end or moving into nothingness, at others it was so true, nay, so vivid, so sharp as to make the whole scene with its large proportion of water a mirage, it being impossible to distinguish land from water merely by sight

or without the touch. When once the senses imbibe the delicious madness, every oddity and impossibility seem not only possible but also to be the fact. Once the eye sees, as it repeatedly did that night, lamps hanging by trees, and lustres hanging down made arches of flowers and branches and leaves, and their copies in the waters around, it is apt to confound as it did then, the one with the other and *vice versa*.

And then music—how shall we describe the effect of music in such a scene! It ravished! The solemn, not too solemn, but cheerful accepts of the *noubat*, softened by the waters, lent spirituality to the glitter and noise.

But we must hurry on: we have left our illustrious guests wondering at a distance. The carriages pass under the grand entrance, now a structure of rays, and wind slowly through the grounds, all the way lighted, and over the bridge lighted again with a triumphal arch surmounted by a picture of welcome, the *roushun choukee* playing, and through the guard of honor of European Infantry who presented arms, the European band in attendance striking up appropriate music as the vehicles passed them into the grand portico, where the party landed and was received at the foot of the steps by the Committee of Reception.* The steps in the porch leading up to the vestibule on both sides, and those of the staircase on the wallside only, were

* See Appendix.

well lined with the silver sticks *(chopdárs.)* As the party was conducted to the upper floor, the native orchestra struck up a loyal welcome. In default of any opportunity for speech, on the occasion, to the welcoming nation, save in a dead tongue, the native band well interpreted by means of the most expressive of the Fine Arts what the sons of Hind felt in the presence, for the first time vouchsafed to them, of their—we trust Saxon pride will not grudge them the pleasure to call him—royal brother, prince-brother, if not brother-prince. The Indian representatives of "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" were indeed played to perfection. The centre room was fitted with a dais covered with cloth of gold extending to a long distance in front, on which seats were provided for His Royal Highness and His Excellency and the Countess Mayo. After they had accosted the native princes who had preceded them and taken their seats, and the crowd which had hung round to see the party had melted enough into the side-rooms and verandah, by far the most important and not the least interesting of the proceedings of that evening commenced. A couple of the most eminent Pandits, both of Indian as well as European fame, Bharath Chandra Siromani, Professor of Hindu Law in the Sanskrit College, and Táránáth Tarkabágish, Professor of Grammar in the same institution, recited in classic Sanskrit verse an Oration of welcome and offered the two Representatives of our Sovereign in golden salvers

the first fruits of the earth, her due according to the *shástras*, and gave them and through them to their principal their Benediction as the bards of the Vedas did of old, His Royal Highness and His Excellency signifying their acceptance by touching the vessels. This was a ceremony of the utmost social and political significance. It implied a no small grace on the part of the English and the highest pliancy on that of the Hindus. Few, if any *mlecha* rulers of India have received such religious homage, certainly no English ruler ever. We do not speak of the educated Bengalis who are thoroughly attached to British rule and have no prejudices, but the compliance of the orthodox with the ceremony is a very great matter, and is evidence of the perfect reconciliation with the governors of all classes of the governed. Here is a translation of the slokes which are given in original in the Appendix :—

"PROSPER! O PRINCE! LIVE LONG!

I.

"May the Goddess of Wealth and Prosperity ever grace thy house with her benign presence! may Eloquence, O thou Son of our Gracious Queen! dance on thy lips for ever and ever! may thy valour never fail to overthrow thy foemen's host! may thy glory, pure and spotless as the Kunda bud, or as the snow-white elephant that supports the universe, or

like the moon deservedly called the joy of eyes, cast its splendour throughout the world!

II.

"He, the sole Lord of the whole universe, the Supreme Being, may thy pure and tranquil heart be his eternal dwelling! may thy active sympathy be constantly extended to every deserving Prince or Chief of our land! Thou who art as it were the chief abode of all that is called valour, may thou vanquish thy enemies, all, again and again! in thy military expeditions, may obstacles and impediments melt away like mist!

III.

"In virtuous deeds may thy heart take its invariable delight! may evil desires fly thy soul! may thou be inspired with a warm solicitude for the welfare of the liegemen of thy August Mother.

IV.

"Thou to whom the loyal people are, at this moment, paying honor—may evil never approach them under thy protection! For the improvement of art and science, may thou point them out the true path of knowledge!

V.

"He, the Son of our Gracious Queen, whom to behold it is seldom our lot, when he himself is arrived among us for our good, while wandering over

the deep seas gratifying his enlightened curiosity—must not our hearts leap for joy on this occasion so auspicious for our father-land!"

We have but to add a word. Her Majesty, on assuming the Government direct in her own hands, addressed words of assurance and love to the Princes, Chiefs and People, which they regard and shall always value as the Great Charter of their Liberties. May She, through the hands of her Son, accept the foregoing as their response!

After this ceremony the nautch commenced, but although the ladies and gentlemen seemed to evince the greatest interest in it, from its novelty to them, it hardly pleased us; the short time which was allotted to this performance, in accordance with the claims of other parts of the programme, the unavoidable heat and hurry and bustle, above all, the agitation of an unique occasion, damped the skill and ardour of the performers and songstresses, and disaccorded the very strings of the one and the voice of the other. Nautches and in fact all the better indoor native singing and music are too delicate for very crowded parties, and have their point in small touches of melody, which are sure to be missed by the foreign ear, and certainly can never attract in the midst of haste. The guests then proceeded to the verandah to view Indian wrestling and fencing the effect of which was

rendered *lizaare* by jets of electric-light thrown on the men from the roof. They next proceeded to the Refreshment-room and partook of a standing supper; during this interval the native orchestra played. Then they sat to the representation of a Bengali comedy. The party next adjourned to the Baitukkhana or drawing-room furnished in native style, where the principal guests tasted native sweatmeats and the Prince furthermore had a pull from the Indian Hookah. The whole closed with an abundance of magnificent fireworks, designed by a medical gentleman, Baboo Brojonauth Bundu, who, with the Executive Sub-Committee chiefly contributed to the success of the *fete* by not only his pyrotechnic exhibition but also his tasteful design generally and his personal exertions. The fire-works seemed like convulsive fits of the illumination all round: in fact, nothing less than those exhibited would have suited the profusion and splendor of the lighting. The tempting figure which they made even in the catalogue was enough to excite old men to the curiosity of boys, and need we say that the curiosity was abundantly gratified? All the numerous gates and chadneys of ghats and triumphal arches and the minor houses showed such appropriate mottoes in transparencies as "God Bless the Empress of Hindostan," "India's Glory is England's Pride," "Heaven's Light our Guide," "Justice and Mercy," "Rule Britannia," "Auld Reekie for ever," "Vivat Regina," "Hail Dun E Dun," &c. The viceregal

party left at midnight, the Viceroy and Prince graciously accepting the usual parting offer of Uttur and Pawn, (otto of roses and beetle leaves with spices.) His Excellency the Viceroy and His Royal Highness the Duke appeared highly pleased with what they saw, and soon after His Excellency had the grace to invite delegates of the Executive Committee to formally express his own and the Prince's thanks, as the following report published in the daily newspapers shows :—

"At the desire of His Excellency the Viceroy, the undermentioned native gentlemen, with Colonel Randall, met His Excellency at Government House yesterday morning at 10-30, *viz.*, Baboo Degumber Mitter, Chairman, Baboo Doorga Churn Law, Baboo Shama Churn Mullick, Baboo Rajender Dutt, Members of the Executive Sub-Committee, and Baboo Debender Mullick, and Baboo Kristodas Pal, Secretaries.

"His Excellency the Viceroy said that he had asked them to meet him in order to convey to them his thanks for the very interesting and handsome entertainment they had given at the Seven Tanks. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh was exceedingly pleased to have had an opportunity of seeing in what attractive form native gentlemen of this country celebrated their festivities. His Excellency requested the gentlemen present to convey His Excellency's thanks and the gratification felt by His Royal Highness to the Members of the Committee

who promoted the fete, and to the native community generally who contributed to it by subscription or otherwise.

"The Chairman expressed the thanks of the Committee for the kind approval His Excellency expressed of their humble efforts.

"The deputation then retired."

Thus happily passed the entertainment given to the Prince by the Native Community of the Metropolis. In true Indian spirit, they decided to present to His Royal Highness, as a slight but appropriate token, "the silver *hooka* which he did them the honor to smoke, and the gold *utturdan* and *pandan* from which he was graciously pleased to accept *uttur* and *pan* on the evening of the fete as humble mementos," as they expressed it. Here is His Royal Highness' reply :—

BABOOS DEBENDRO NAUTH MULLICK & KRISTODASS PAUL.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *Calcutta, the 6th January*, 1870.

GENTLEMEN,—I am directed by the Duke of Edinburgh to beg you will express to the Members of the Reception Committee, and through them to the Subscribers generally, His Royal Highness' best thanks for the very handsome gifts which they have presented to him, and which His Royal Highness very gratefully accepts.

The silver *hooka*, the gold *pandan* and *utterdan* will always be valued by His Royal Highness as mementos, not only of the pleasant evening which he spent at the Seven Tanks, but also of the cordial reception which he has met at Calcutta.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your Obedient Servant,

(Sd.) ARTHUR B. HAIG,

Equerry-in-Waiting.

THE INVESTITURE.

The Prince Duke has given full occupation to Calcutta in sight-seeing and amusement: from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, and thence again to late night there is hardly a pause in what has literally become the business of pleasure. His Royal Highness has given us some novelties. The procession which escorted him at landing to Government House, though marred in the dark, was grander than any of its kind here; so was the illumination of the city; and so the *fete* at the Seven Tanks. The simple Vedic ceremonial which was performed on the last occasion is the first thing of its kind in history, and is worthy of perpetuation in works of art—a hint to those whom it concerns. The Chapter of the 30th December for the Investiture of His Royal Highness with the Star of India was another magnificent novelty in this city. Never before has Calcutta had the good fortune to be the scene of such a ceremonial. At three o'clock the Viceroy and the Prince marched through a guard of honor and lines of Infantry in grand procession from Government House to the Encampment on the *maidan*, with the Companions, Knights Commander and Knights Grand Commander of the Order, dignitaries of state and political officers, whose names had been notified in the official programme. Reaching the Encampment, the party dismounted, and the

Members of the Order proceeded to tents reserved for them—the first two tents one on each side of the entrance being those of the Viceroy and the Prince, and the others those of the Knights Grand Commander in order of seniority, one tent being reserved for all Knights Commander and another for all the Companions—and the rest to their respective seats in the Grand Durbar Tent in which the Chapter was held. Soon after a grand procession of the Order was formed from the tents to the Durbar Tent. Slowly they marched through guards of honor composed of infantry and marines, while the band played a grand march, the whole company in the Chapter Tent rising up as they entered it. The members of the Order stood before their seats placed in order of seniority, the Viceroy and the Prince before their's, as long as the Grand Chorus of 300 voices sang "God Save the Queen," at the conclusion of which the Grand Master took his seat and the whole company followed the example. Then commenced the ceremonial of the Investiture, which, with the Son of our Empress kneeling at the feet of Her servant, the Grand Master, profoundly impressed the Chiefs and People beholding with the Majesty of the Law and the Necessity and Duty of Submission to its Sovereignty. The investiture over the company resume their seats, a chorus is performed, and the Secretary announcing that there is no more business for the Chapter, the Grand Master closes

it. The same procession which had entered the Tent with the Viceroy in rear is now formed again and leaves in the same order as before under a Royal Salute and a Grand March, the members of the Order separating to the right and left to their tents, and the Grand Master and the Prince Grand Knight proceeding to Government House in carriages, the band playing the national anthem. Thus closed one of the grandest pageants in Calcutta, the first scene at the capital which struck the citizens and subjects as kingly. There have been such sights even during the British period, particularly in the short period since the Assumption of India by Her Majesty direct, but other cities have witnessed those triumphs. The city of Akbar still retains almost a monopoly of all the imperial sights of the present regime, though Agra has long ceased to be the official capital even of a Province. The Capital of the Empire had hitherto been too much neglected in the matter of such shows. It has now for the first time been done a little justice to. The first-acquired British Province, still the first in wealth, intelligence, loyalty, and civilization, does not remember such a proud day for the British since Clive in the Durbar at Moorshedabad seized the trembling hand of Meer Jaffier and placed him on the throne. Clive, on that occasion popularly denominated king-maker, was in reality little more than a satrap-maker. The Chapter is significant of genuine sovereignty, of a far wider, more magnificent empire.

THE EUROPEAN ENTERTAINMENTS.

Grand Field Day—Music.

The European entertainments to the Prince were equally superb and successful, with the State ceremonial of the Chapter and the Native Reception. The Grand Field Day was no misnomer, was besides not only the first thing of the kind at Calcutta for many a long day but also about the best. Out of Prussia, indeed, it is hardly possible to see a better sham fight. In music the State Concert at Government House and the Chorus at the Investiture of His Royal Highness were, too, unprecedented, and we suppose as good as European music could be. We are no judges of that, and we believe music is in great part a matter of nationality, that is of acquired taste and associations. In part at least it is an universal enjoyment, and we willingly and gladly bear our testimony to the majesty and impressiveness of the grand Chorus, performed by a well organized corps of ladies and gentlemen, consisting of the company of the Italian Opera and members of the Philharmonic Society and of the Boswell Hall, got up by the exertions of Mr. G. H. M. Batten of the Civil Service. Nothing, indeed, could be grander, unless it was the performance at the Handel Festival in England. Nothing at least, which we ever heard in this country, was superior. The *full-akrai* is in our day but a tradition, but some of the better *half-akrais* we have

heard were so effective that we always conceived a model *half-akrai* the perfection of a chorus. But, as a matter of fact, harmony is little understood or appreciated by native musicians and songsters, and perhaps a strict attention to harmony as among Europeans is incompatible with our system. It would impair, perhaps destroy, the individuality and charm of our melodies. Still, a little more attention, we venture to hope, might be given to it than is usual. We are accustomed to content ourselves with acquired skill without looking to natural voice, and are not solicitous of bringing the voices of the several performers into that strict harmonious accord common among our European brethren. Hence we cannot hope to reach those unqualified effects which they attain to, as in the Chorus in question. The Viceroy, in a letter to Mr. Batten, in suitable terms acknowledged his obligations to the ladies and gentlemen who formed the Chorus. In conclusion, His Excellency truly observed, "the performance was very effective and added much to the impressive character of the ceremonial" of the Investiture. It should not be forgotten, however, that the effect of the Chorus was heightened by the scene and ceremonial. The same performers at the opera are not half so impressive.

THE FANCY BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND THE BALL ON THE *GALATEA*.

One of the peculiar European entertainments in honor of the Prince was a Fancy Ball. We shall not pretend to describe it secondhand: hearsay evidence respecting such a queer child of fancy must be colorless to a degree most disappointing. Nor can the writer plead not guilty to the soft impeachment of feeling a bit of malice to withold his powers from the service of unappreciating thoughtless merry-makers who do not take care to secure his presence. The number of natives present was far too small, and of the fortunate twenty-eight the majority consisted of the native princes and princesses, the Parsee Baronet and Southern Hindu Senator, and the Chief who is at the head of the landed aristocracy of Bengal. Calcutta was hardly represented, though old Rajah Kalikrishna and his young hopeful were, of course, there. It is a pity, for a fancy dress ball, a more proper affair as it is than, being a sobering down of, the masquerade of old, is indeed a pretty thing, of which Europeans may well be proud, an example of amusement to show to native gentlemen creditable to the fancy, taste, invention, knowledge and art of our Western brethren. And young India, educated and for the most part Europeanized in thought, of whatever province, might of all natives be trusted not to abuse confidence by prurient ideas of the interest-

ing chivalrous freedom of the intercourse of the sexes in European society. Nor should Englishmen forget the duty they owe to the people who have been placed under their influence of civilizing them. It is unworthy of the Romans of modern Europe to shirk the duty, as many are inclined to do, by the plea of native shyness. This shyness is not evidence of want of heart, but is due, partly, of course, to the strangeness, to an untravelled people, of European men and European manners, more to the pride, or more correctly the self-respect, of a weaker race. Unfortunately the English are not a sociable people themselves, and they are further repressed by their sense of the strangeness of native persons, native costumes and native ways. But the gulf ought, for reasons of policy, nay in the interest of humanity, to be bridged. One of the two races must advance first and extend the hand of fellowship to the other. The privilege and duty belongs to the stronger. A Hindu, for instance, whose world is the triangle of India, of which, again, under any circumstances, he sees but a very small portion, may be excused for looking upon whitemen with something of the wonder and awe with which the aboriginies of America first beheld Columbus and his companions. The Briton who comes all the way from England, past so many lands, nations, languages, costumes, manners, ought to be superior to the ignorant narrow-mindedness. He, of the two, he, if any, impressed as he must be with the

universal diffusion of excellence, irrespective of creed or colour, and with its infinite variety, might shake the Moslem or the Hindu or the Chinaman by the hand as a man and brother.

Besides, everything that conduces to advance the respect of Europeans in the eyes of the people among whom they live is not only politically valuable but a gain to the cause of civilization, which, in India, is dependent on the temper of the natives towards their Western fellow-subjects. Let not the latter too easily flatter themselves that the evidences of military strength, of intellectual advancement and material progress which they have given are sufficient to secure not simply prestige, but a perfect prestige. Prestige, doubtless, they possess in this country, but man is a many-sided animal, and the British prestige does not extend to all sides. The British are esteemed, but not as a munificent, magnificent, courtly people, well-giving, well-speaking, well-eating, well-dressing, well-amusing. The late Lord Canning, by his famous viceregal progress holding Durbars and lavishing on princes and commoners pensions and districts and provinces, raised the credit of his countrymen for liberality, and by his making as it were an institution of periodical Grand Durbars—an institution wisely kept up by his successors—raised it for grandeur. The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, as it has afforded a glimpse of court life, might almost complete the rescue—establishing the British name

for personal splendour and social enjoyment, if the country had been rather more freely permitted to see the entertainments given by the Viceroy and the Prince to each other. That would not have been a mean triumph. As it was, the Native Princes who went to the Ball on board the *Galatea* which His Royal Highness commands, and the Fancy Ball at Government House were very favorably impressed. And well they might be, for it is not often that even the most fortunate and highly placed European can share such magnificent entertainments. In the Ball on the *Galatea*, the wonder was to get up such a large and brilliant party in the river, to make an uncouth ship a thing of beauty and a joy for a night. All the irremovable uglinesses of a man-of-war's deck were converted as by the wand of the magician into so many beauties. The neighbour Eden garden seems to have been translated, groves and fountains and all, attracted by the fun on board—the mirrors were mirages, clear lakes for the fair shepherdesses to view their persons, and the night was made day by trees and shrubs of gas-light. While music, mellowed by the waters of the fountains within and the river without, played through such a scene, and the gay and the beautiful in rich silks exercised their persons in delightful evolutions, the war vessel became a floating enchantment, a poet's dream! The child of the Begum of Bhopal broke into ecstacy, and the native Princes, accustomed to display, bred in

gorgeousness, stately and ceremonious in speech, and remarkable for gravity of public manners, and not reconciled to the freedom of social intercourse between the sexes among Europeans, which culminates in the dance, repeatedly expressed their joy. The accommodation and comfort and luxury on board in a moment dispelled their notion of the closeness and inconvenience and misery of a voyage, and they all expressed a desire, certainly sincere at the moment, to ride the blue waters (*kala pani*) in such an excellent conveyance. His Highness of Ulwar, whose observation that the capstan in its improved figure on the ball evening, surmounted by a crown and flowers, looked like a huge Christmas cake, has been much quoted, at once spoke of visiting England in the *Galatea*.

The speciality and strength of the Fancy Ball, however, lay of course in the ingenuity of dress, and this ingenuity was shown to the best advantage. All countries and ages and ranks of life were sought and laid under contribution for rich and striking costumes, and the effect of the whole was one of surpassing splendour. The effect was heightened by the ordinary tameness, not to say disgusting plainness, of European male, and uniformity of female, dress. Never before did gentlemen sport so much satin and velvet and ribbon and lace and embroidery. For once, indeed, it has been said, the stronger sex beat the fair in the matter of dress. The ladies, however, for the first time, under their pre-

cious loads of jewellery, looked like Ranees and Begums, but, we hope we may be pardoned for saying, infinitely more interesting—absolutely charming. European life affords but few opportunities for personal display, and in such a land as this where so much depends upon the impression that Europeans make on the minds of the people, it is a mistake not to make political capital of those few when they do occur.

And here we are reminded that Government House affords too little accommodation for parties worthy of the Empire. He who wields the authority of the Great Mogul must invite by thousands at a time, but he has no place to hold so many. The Palace which was big enough fifty years ago is now too small. Government House is condemned on other grounds as well. It was the best house made by the English—it is now inferior to dozens not only built by the English, but also private natives. So soon as the finances permit, the Government ought to sink a million or two in a Palace worthy of the Empire of India.

When we say that the Fancy Ball was the best of its kind in India, it is not saying little, for we believe there is usually a greater variety as a better taste in costumes and characters in fancy dress balls in this country than in any other; Turkey not excepted. And for obvious reasons. It is only by travel and from books and pictures that stay-at-home

people make their acquaintance with the men and manners of distant lands and past ages. Anglo-Indians as such are travellers, and without ever turning a page or looking at any print they become acquainted with an infinity of costumes, some simple others grand, and interesting manners such as hardly any amount of reading and seeing ever brings together, to say nothing of the difference of impression between personal observation and reading, &c. No city in the world, neither New York, nor London, nor Paris, nor Rome, nor Moscow, nor Constantinople, nor Cairo, nor Canton, can approach one of our Indian capitals in the number of the nations living together. If the uniformity in dress of the nations of Europe—an uniformity increasing instead of decreasing with the increase of inter-communication among the nations—does not permit us to say—as many nations so many costumes, surely the number of costumes in an Indian city cannot be less than that of the nations represented in it, but must be more. For, the uniformity of Europe is more than made up by variety in each of the Oriental nations, particularly the people of India. Thus a European city, for ever so many European nations resorting to it, looks like a city destitute of foreigners; an Indian city, without foreigners, seems to teem with such. And this difference, of course, marks European and Indian parties and processions. As for a fancy ball, invite men from all classes of the residents and sojourners of an Indian

city to dance, and you have one for all intents and purposes, and a better one than any effort of mere art can give. You have the Sikh Sirdar and Afghan Ameer and Burmese envoy and Cinghalese gentleman and Chinese mandarin and Nepál officer and Mahratta Minister and Bengali Baboo and Hindoo Raja and Moslem Nawab, all live and real. Of course a Fancy Ball at the Metropolis of India, given by the Viceroy in honor of the first visit of a member of the Royal Family to the country, and intended to eclipse all things of its kind, attended by over seven hundred representatives of wealth and fashion and beauty from all parts of not only the Indian, but also almost the British, Empire—as goodly an array of ladies and gentlemen, princes and chiefs, (white and black) Lords and Knights, Governors, Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners, Officers of the army and navy and members of the Civil Service as ever assembled on such an occasion in India —realized the ambition of its promoters. We believe, we say it with all respect, His Royal Highness could not have moved through such a varied, though he must have through many an equally brilliant, scene in all his princely experience. The European disguises were sometimes rather flimsy, but the Oriental characters were perfect. There was the usual amount of the grotesque and absurd in the anomalies and anachronisms of such occasions, in Wellington and Napoleon engaged in peaceful converse with each

other, Cæsar Borgia dancing with a belle of the age of George III., William Penn going through the polka with all imaginable zest with a Cavalier lady, a Turkish Sultana led by a Chinese mandarin, a Colonel of Volunteers hand in hand with Mary Stuart, Mephistopheles conducting a nun, Nadir Shah galloping with the daughter of a Giaour, half a dozen Charles I.'s, and so on.

We have but one complaint. It is to be regretted that the Oriental characters were comparatively so few. With the exception of Mr. Vencatasamey Naidoo, Mr. Heerjeebhoy Rustomjee, the Hon'ble G. V. Gajputee Rao and a single Bengali gentleman, Baboo Ganendra Nath Tagore, the native chiefs and gentlemen did not affect fancy costumes at all, and those few of them who did so naturally sought in Western Europe for custumes, Babu G. N. Tagore alone assuming the habit of a Turkish officer. The predilection shown by the Europeans for Europe and the European past shows their want of sympathy with the East. It shows how little they, particularly Anglo-Orientals, are reconciled to their exile. It shows a barrenness of imagination in them which disables them from seizing the picturesqueness of the scenes and characters and manners among which the best part of their life is spent. Is there nothing in the vast regions of Asia, the famed Orient, the land of the sun and song, of barbaric wealth and splendour and

primitive simplicity, is there nothing here in the manners and costumes of the people to catch the eye or touch the heart, that our European fellow-subjects should resort to their own Continent and its history for characters? Could not the Court of the Mogul in Hindoostan and the Tartar in China, of the Sultan of Turkey, of the Shah of Persia, of His Golden Footed Majesty, of the Tycoon, of the twin kings of Siam, furnish costumes as brilliant as those of the Louises' and Georges'? Would not the peris of Europe have looked more beautiful and interesting as Shahzadees and Chinese and Persian belles and Hill girls and Brahminis? What would not even Europeans give to see a fair daughter of Europe in *kincob* or embroidered *shawl* gown and *orna*, or above all in Benares or Dacca *saree?* The Anglo-Indians of a previous day were more sympathetic. There are men still living who remember the fancy ball at the Town Hall of Calcutta, in which with so many representatives of the fashion and European education of the native community in various tasteful disguises, our venerable bard Babu Kashiprasad Ghosh among others, the learned and poetic son of Esculapius, Horace Hayman Wilson, appeared as a perfect Fakeer and the accomplished poetess, Miss Emma Roberts, as a charming Hindu lady. The progress of communication between Europe and Asia, with all its advantages, has had its drawbacks. It has de-orientalized Anglo-Orientals for worse as well as for better.

After a fortnight of activity and high spirits and amusements unparalleled in the annals of the Capital, during which His Royal Highness observed all its sights and visited all its institutions—among which was the brilliant annual Conversazione at the Town Hall of the Mahomedan Literary Society founded and maintained by the exertions of Moulvi Abdul Luteef Khan Bahadur—and received and replied to addresses from all public bodies, and received the native Princes and Princesess and returned their visits, the Prince left in state for the Upper Provinces, passing through Moorshedabad as the guest of His Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, who had asked him in England to visit his Palace, although himself absent from home, and being received with befitting pomp and hospitality, and enjoying capital sport in the favorite sporting ground of middle Bengal, the jungles of Malda.

His Royal Highness next passed through a series of triumphs in the great cities of Northern India and the seats of the native Princes, and then in the cities of the Peninsula, finishing all in the great Indian island of Ceylon, the golden *Lanka* of Valmiki's song.

THE PRINCE TO INDIA.

As he left these shores, the Prince addressed the following parting words in the shape of a long letter to the Viceroy, but meant for all India.

Letter from His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh to His Excellency the Viceroy.

H. M. S. "Galatea," Colombo Roads, 7th April, 1870.

My dear Lord Mayo,—Now that my visit to India is a thing of the past, I should be sadly wanting in gratitude if I did not ask you to let me take this last opportunity, before my ship has left these waters, to thank Your Excellency and every one whose guest I have been, as well as all the people of the districts through which I have passed, for the unvarying hospitality and welcome I received in India. In answering the numerous addresses presented to me from time to time, I have expressed this feeling in all truth and sincerity, but I think that they, who have done so much for me, have almost a right to expect some less formal expression of thanks, than that which I have used in replying to official addresses. If you should then think proper to make this letter public, you are at perfect liberty to do so. When I returned to England two years ago, the Queen was pleased to grant a request that I had made long before, and to confer upon me an honour that I have coveted for years, that of being the first member of the Royal Family to visit India. During the fourteen months that elapsed between my departure from Plymouth and my arrival in the Hooghly, I looked forward with eagerness to India as the great object of my cruise. The anticipations of Oriental

magnificence, which were connected in my mind with the idea of India, were more than realized. The imposing reception which greeted my arrival in Calcutta, and that still more splendid ceremony when I received from the Queen, through your hands, the Insignia of the Star of India, far surpassed what I had expected, and formed together a grand and fitting commencement of that long series of displays that welcomed me to the great Cities of Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, and Lucknow, which I had the pleasure of visiting. It was a disappointment to me when I heard from you that the Durbar, which was to have been held at Agra, could not take place; but I have since learned to appreciate your wise decision in that matter, and I am glad now that I have had better opportunities of making the acquaintance of the great Indian Princes and Chiefs, either in their own territories or in the immediate neighbourhood of them, than I could have had during the formalities of a State Durbar.

I heard it said that my visit to India occurred at an unfortunate time, owing to the financial difficulties under which the country was suffering, but which are now, I trust, in a fair way of being successfully surmounted. I do not take this view myself. Owing to your wise orders and advice the expense to the public was reduced as much as possible, and I hope that my visit has been but little burdensome to the country. Still this has not affected the large sums of money that were so munificently spent by individuals in welcoming me. The example set by Your Excellency at Calcutta was only too generally followed—of that example, I fear, you will not let me speak: but this I must say, that the personal kindness which you showed me and the splendid hospitality which you dispensed in my honor, were features in my visit which I can never forget.

To each and all of those who, after I left your roof, received me as their guest, I wish to return my warmest thanks. To the Indian Princes who entertained me with characteristic magnificence, I am no less grateful. I cannot forget the pleasant days I passed at Chukia, at Deeg, and at Ulwar, nor the Princes who vied with each other in doing all they could to render my visit interesting and agreeable; nor can I forget the munificent hospitality shewn me in the Nepaul territories. To the British and Native gentlemen who gave so many entertainments in my honor, I return my grateful acknowledgments. I am convinced that they were all animated with the same wish, to do honor to their Sovereign's son, and to testify in some substantial form the loyal affection with which they regard the Queen's family. Nor could I help being touched by the eagerness which the great mass of the people displayed to see me and to welcome me. Every class and sect alike manifested their loyalty for Her Majesty by the reception they gave her son, and that reception, and the sentiments which prompted it, will more and more tend to strengthen the interest and affection with which the Queen regards her Indian subjects.

The hurried character of my tour through the interior prevented me from obtaining more than a bird's eye view of the principal parts of the country; but I have seen enough to awaken in myself a strong interest both in its past history and its present condition. I have seen many evidences of the anxiety which exists, not only among the British community, but among the more wealthy and influential of the native-born inhabitants, to raise and improve the moral and social condition of the poorer classes. The importance of the spread of education is gradually being understood, and in several instances I was highly gratified by the manner in which the communities of some cities desired to commemorate my visit

—by the foundation of scholarships bearing my name, by the commencement of recreation grounds for the use of the people, by endowing high schools, and at some of the seaports by contributing funds for the erection or improvement of Sailors' Homes. These laudable objects have been very materially, in some cases mainly, assisted by the munificence as well of private individuals as of some of the Indian Princes, whose generosity is so well known to every one that it would be superfluous for me to mention their names here. That my visit has been instrumental in bringing about results such as these, is one of the happiest reflections with which I shall look back to my brief stay in India.

Some impression of the vast extent of our possession in India, I formed from the great distances that I traversed by railway. I am only doing justice to the excellent arrangements which were made by the Railway Authorities, when I say that I have never travelled in greater comfort, and I owe it to the gentlemen who were entrusted with the arrangements of my transit from place to place, that I was enabled to fulfil with strict punctuality, as well as with ease and convenience, the appointments I had made. Perhaps I was a little disappointed with the scenery of the great plains of Bengal and the North-West Provinces, but any disappointment I felt on this point was more than compensated by the pleasure with which I viewed the grand scenery of the hills and snowy ranges from Dehra Mussoorie. Some part of my short stay I was enabled to devote to field sports, and I hope I may be excused for saying that I enjoyed with all my heart the few days I could spare for this relaxation. Considering that I was quite a month too early, I think I was very fortunate to have obtained the good sport I did. I am very much beholden to the gentlemen who made the arrangements for my sporting

excursions, and who enabled me to live in camp with all the comfort and even luxury I could possibly have desired. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of many officers, whose gallant deeds and chivalrous sense of duty entitled them to a place in the roll of Indian heroes, and of whose friendship I am proud. The story of their lives is not the least instructive among the lessons that have been brought to my notice in India. In these remarks I allude to members of the Civil as well as the Military branch of the service. Of both these I would say in the words that Your Excellency lately used on a public occasion—that nowhere is a Sovereign served better or with more zeal than is the Queen by her servants in India.

I was very much gratified with my visit to Bombay, a city, which from its geat maritime importance, pre-eminently claims my attention as a sailor. My arrival there was happily timed at a period in her history which is unprecedented, for it happened almost contemporaneously with three great events, each of which has a direct bearing upon her future greatness. I allude to the completion of the Railway communication between Eastern and Western India,—the opening of the Suez Canal,—and the laying of the Sub-marine Telegraph between Suez and Bombay. I trust that the bright hopes for the future which this happy concurrence of events is calculated to inspire will be amply realized; and I also hope that my kind friends in Bombay will remember, that simultaneously with the dawn of their good fortune, the son of their Sovereign came among them, to assure them of the lively sympathy with which Her Majesty regards them, and of the pleasure with which she will learn of their hopeful prospects. Madras, although heavily weighted in the race with her sister capitals by local disadvantages, welcomed me so warmly, entertained me with so much

consideration, and sped me on my way with such kind wishes, that I am glad it was chosen as the port for my re-embarkation. My reception there was a most gratifying and flattering culmination to a very interesting tour. The three months of my stay in India have passed only too rapidly and pleasantly away. I am laden with a debt of gratitude—a debt which I am proud to owe, but which I can never hope to repay. In all that concerns the welfare of India I shall ever take deep interest, for I have learned to regard her people with affection. I am the glad bearer of a message from them to my mother, which will give her unbounded satisfaction, for I have to tell her how enthusiastic has been my reception, how universal the affectionate loyalty which greeted me, and how it is for her sake alone that I have been thus welcomed to India,—that my advent has been thus eagerly seized as an opportunity for expressing their sentiments of personal devotion to Her Majesty, and of their heartfelt appreciation of the mildness and beneficence of her rule.

I must now bid to the people of India an affectionate farewell. May God pour down his choicest blessing on the land.

Believe me, my dear Lord Mayo,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) ALFRED.

So far His Royal Highness. And now our commentary on what in the shape of his parting Address to India, we regard

THE PRINCE'S PLEDGE.

We are repaid. The sacrifices which the country made without stint—the toil and trouble as well as the vast sum expended without compunction to honor the Duke of Edinburgh—now return to us in the shape of the warm gratitude of their object. If the letter which His Royal Highness has sent to the Viceroy from the Colombo Roads reviewing his Indian visit and tour, does not itself constitute repayment for his hearty reception throughout the length and breadth of the land, it at least means an earnest of such repayment. To each and all, with infinite good feeling and taste and judgment, from the Viceroy and Chiefs, whose guest he was, to the groups of villagers who greeted him in his strayings into the most sequestered, out of the way paths, to individuals and corporations, princes and peasantry—many of the greater Cities and some of the Chiefs by name or pointed allusion yet so skilfully as not to raise an invidious distinction sure to defeat his purpose,—the good Duke expresses his acknowledgements. He is grateful to the whole country for putting forth all its bloom to welcome him—a bloom which he is right in treating as the expression of its heart. He has sense and modesty to know that all the extraordinary effort at show, the keen competition of individuals—*grihastas* and millionaires—at a time of almost universal distress or pecuniary depression, to

outshine each other in contributing to the waste and crowd and pageantry and feeling of the reception, were not meant for him alone—were meant little, if at all, for him. He correctly attributes it all to Loyalty to the Throne. In his person we honored his Mother our Queen. Of course he has the self-consciousness of his caste, not to say self-respect, to appropriate a part, though a small and by no means unrightful part, of the "ovation" to himself as a member of the Royal Family, and consequently, in some vague way, a part of the British Constitution.

Nothing could exceed the skill of the letter. It has, to be sure, no pre-eminent literary merit—though, even on that score, it is infinitely superior to the general run of the productions, so often scandalizing grammar and, grace, of English Sovereigns and Princes and those of their households,*—but it is very fairly written, and as a means towards an end it is a perfectly successful composition. And indeed why should we not regard that quality which commands

* With the divinity that doth hedge a king is there a fatality of grammatical inaccuracy &c.? It is, at any rate, true enough, that, from the days of Cobbett, who could draw all his chief examples of such from Royal Speeches, to our own, the English language does not appear to advantage in the hands of its owner. Or shall we say in the *name* of its owner? For faulty and slipshod as are often the official productions of the Sovereign—which are well understood to be the writings of her responsible advisers—the private, that is genuine compositions of the English-born Kings and Queens are not liable to the charge, witness Her Majesty's charming books and some other letters besides brought to public notice from time to time. Even so, while the fatality adverted to seems to attach itself to the more formal communications of the Royal Princes, written, and indeed signed too, by their Secretaries or *attachés* of their households, (we are thinking of a correspondence which was made public a few years ago,) their genuine personal compositions are free and pure and chaste.

success in the Prince's letter as a literary one, and of the highest class? The letter is to be sure only a long simple familiar note. Its, however, is genuine simplicity, not rudeness, its the familiarity of the golden mean which prepossesses, not that which breeds contempt. A perfect despatch, being a condensed report of his tour, it is also a touching address to India nobly inspired. The eloquence of it is of course that of the heart, but the rhetoric of the schools would have utterly destroyed the communication. As the end of literature is to please and instruct, it *is* a literary triumph to keep the canons in abeyance that Nature may have free play. In a letter which occupies but a column or so of small pica in a daily newspaper, the Prince reviews his Indian tour, omitting no important particular, noticing every great town, alluding to some of the more prominent individuals, remarking on every large subject. Few professional or official literary men could condense so much matter into so small a compass, or resist the almost irresistible temptation to rhapsody or moralizing or description, with the scenes and impressions so fresh in the mind as the Prince had them, impressions heightened by novelty,—scenes sublimated by the imagination from boyhood and decked in all the colors of fancy. Brevity, though the soul of wit, and a great thing in writing, is yet among the lesser merits of the letter, which is distinguished by the rare quality of perfect propriety of thought and

feeling, simply, and none the less effectively, expressed.

Above all few men in writing such a letter, under impressions of pleasure or disappointment which have not yet been mellowed down by time and distance, and under conflict of gratitude and personal partiality or dislike, and the political necessities of propriety of sentiment and language towards individuals and peoples, whatever their shortcomings, could avoid offence. It is thus that princely visits to some of the Colonies have been the occasion of the most bitter party quarrels, that the visitor's name has been appropriated to the aggrandizement of factions, that the visitor has been enthusiastically cheered by one portion of the community and hissed, not to say any thing worse, by another portion, that the visit instead of reviving and stimulating the personal loyalty and attachment of the distant parts of the Empire to the Dynasty has estranged these from the mother-country. By his judgment, moderation and tact which, however enjoined by his good Mother and assisted and enforced by Her servant the Viceroy and advised by the *chaperone* Brigadier Chamberlain, as we may well believe, were still principally due to the Prince himself, he steered clear of all these dangers, partial to no party or individual, exhibiting a general, perhaps a rather too superficial, interest in the country, its races, its institutions and mounments, and heartily received by it, by all alike. His visit produced

no scandal. It produced no antithesis of enthusiasm and discontent, such as has marked princely progress elsewhere. On the contrary, the loyal excitement it caused at the beginning was continued equally throughout the stay of His Highness, and has now subsided, indeed, but only into a dear memory; and the visit has created a personal attachment to the Throne and the Dynasty. For this great effect of such political value, England is indebted to the Prince. He had it in him to prevent it. A word, a breath might disturb what the same or similar trifles do make. A slight indiscretion—a little bad manners—a clear piece of shabbiness—and the whole ardour of the country might have been damped, and Indian Loyalty nipt in the bud. Britain may, therefore, well rejoice, as we are happy to acknowledge, that the behaviour of her representative, her Sovereign's Son, was proper—entirely satisfactory, though characteristically wanting in magnificence. And this letter fitly brings his Indian Journey to a period—giving no handle to party spirit any more than his Indian behaviour generally gave, and still stimulating, and almost perpetuating the enthusiasm he rouzed in the nation.

Those who know the details of his Indian tour, as we happen to know many of them, who besides are aware that whatever the demands on a Prince of the Blood Royal's political position, he is but a man and cannot help making personal friends

among those whom he meets, and having likes and dislikes, will appreciate the very great skill and judgment shown in the Prince's review. We are afraid of marring the effect of the letter, but in justice to the Prince's head, and even heart (so far as heart is involved in the suppression of oneself) we are compelled to descend to particulars. We shall however give one instance only. The Prince in his rapid summary, hardly makes any distinction among the receptions given him by the numerous native princes; he seems to study making no distinction. Yet it can hardly be that there was no distinction; among so many there must have of necessity been difference—in expenditure, in splendour, in design, in taste, in luxury, in comfort and convenience, aye even in feeling; and the object of all these varying demonstrations could hardly have been impressed alike by them all. It might almost be expected that he should express the different degrees of his satisfaction with the arrangements at the several places, not only as a return for "those who did so much for him" but as a contribution towards the civilization of the country. Nothing is so much calculated to give a direction to the tastes and pursuits of the nation by directing those of its leaders, its princes and chiefs, as the wise, honest opinion, temperately expressed, of the latter's sports and amusements and displays, of those whom, like the Prince, those leaders might consider their superiors, not only in power but also in a certain

form of civilization, if not civilization generally, perhaps absolutely in civilization, though of course there is risk of vitiating the national taste or lowering the credit of the taste of the critics if the element of wisdom be wanting in such criticism. The Prince's position and the public character of the letter are sufficient excuse for his not attempting to picture his relative impressions and feeling, and we therefore hope some Russell will erelong do the work for him. But those who closely examine the letter will discover that the Prince has done the best he could possibly do to indicate or insinuate his preferences, and herein he has shown, to our mind, masterly skill. We believe that nowhere was he so magnificently welcomed as by the Maharao Rana of Ulwar, nowhere in Native India did he enjoy himself so well as in the territory of that Chief, and Ulwar is the only Native Capital mentioned by name, but the mention is most cleverly disguised by allusion to the *hunting ground* of one Rajah and the minor city of another, and to Chiefs generally. Among the cities the Prince saw, he ignores Allahabad (deservedly called by travellers Fakirabad) which, whatever its official or strategic importance, is no sight at all. The Prince has, in a word, achieved the rare triumph of conveying truth skilfully without compromising any of the good effects of his visit by imprudent talk.

Thus, from one end to the other, the letter is marked by the utmost felicity. It must be remembered

that in writing it at all His Royal Highness incurred a great risk. That speech is silver, but silence is golden, is an old maxim, but nowhere truer than on such occasions. In India we say the dumb (that is the silent) have no enemies. Prince Alfred might easily have held his tongue. He was under no absolute obligation to make an elaborate harangue to India and the world, as he virtually makes by his present letter. We confess the letter comes to us with a surprize. It is true that men are bound to make a return for favors—even an acknowledgment for due honors paid, and Princes are hardly exempt from obedience to this principle of morality, not to say universal etiquette of gentlemen. It may be urged, however, that in suitably replying to every address that was given him, in tendering thanks for every gift received, nay in readily and gracefully waving his hat and bowing to every multitude that shouted to him, he fully discharged the obligation. If anything still remained wanting it might be completed by a private letter to Lord Mayo of thanks to him in particular and to the people of the country in general, with a request to convey to the latter his sincere acknowledgments; followed by a short Notification in the *Gazette* to the effect that His Excellency the Viceroy had received a letter from His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh expressive of his high, &c.,—and that His Excellency had been requested to convey (which he thereby did) to the Princes;

Chiefs and People of India and to the European inhabitants, &c. That would have been quite sufficient; the most surly critic could hardly concoct a grievance out of such a correct arrangement. The Prince might even ask Lord Mayo to put in a few words expressive if not of his feelings at least of the sentiments expected of him, and appropriate to the occasion, and satisfactory to India, the Viceroy, the Queen, England and the world; and a Government of Paragraphs, as our's has been well called, as it would have been glad to have had the task transferred from an inexperienced Prince to itself, would have well performed it. Yet we feel that such a thing would have been more prudent than brilliant, as much too formal, in which the heart was not seen, in which the man did not come out at all, and therefore inadequate. At any rate, in the presence of a better thing, now, we can see that any thing less would have been imperfect. For silence, under the best circumstances, is a negative, passive merit; it makes no enemies, it is true, but it hardly acquires any friends. Silence can hardly be positively conciliatory, absolutely ingratiative, like the proper breach of it. The Prince certainly elected the superior course,—that of being the interpreter of his own feelings, or at least of being his own dramatist, supposing the feelings to be counterfeited for the occasion—but it was also a hazardous one. He chose to enact the role of the true governing men—the Napoleons, the Napiers, the Ellenboroughs; but

in aiming at something like the effect of the elder Napoleon's addresses he might reap no more than the ill success, it not the ridicule, which attended Ellenborough's famous Somnath Proclamation. If conscious of these liabilities, the Prince displayed quite a sailor's recklessness.

He has succeeded, however. His dart has come home. His address has touched the warm heart of India. If we dwell on the adverse possibilities of his literary or epistolary venture, it is to realize its full meaning and importance and to impress the same upon our countrymen. It cannot fail to vastly increase the popularity of the Prince in India, and through him of the Royal Family. If we were disposed to say sharp things we might say that the last act of the Duke's career was the best part of it—this epilogue, the best passage in the Indian play he has just enacted. In truth it fitly crowns a visit which has been so gratifying to the people of the country, and which, we are glad to have his more than formal acknowledgment, contributed no less to his pleasure and edification. It should be remembered—as we might now with safety and without bad taste state—that when the country generally hailed the prospect of the Prince's visit as a suitable opportunity for showing its loyalty not only to the present Sovereign but to the British Government generally, leading men were not without grave anxiety as to the result. Colonial journalists had not given the

best accounts of the Prince's behaviour in other parts of the great Empire in which the sun never sets, and unfortunately there were not journalists of the colonial stamp wanting even in India to reproduce what would appear now to be calumnies, and assiduously, and of set policy, day after day to throw iced-water on the loyalty of the Indian people. So industrious and persistent were these malcontent writers, and so effectual it was feared had been their representations, that the failure of the opening popular reception at the Metropolis was anticipated by many as a sad certainty. As the day of the arrival, however, neared, the good people spurned all evil teachers, if indeed they ever listened to them, and the size of the gathering and the enthusiasm of the assembled mass dispelled the last misgivings, and the following evening Indian loyalty burst in a blaze in Calcutta making night more lighted than day, and more interesting and gorgeous—garlanded as it were, with innumerable brilliants, and overflowing as with the sensations of the bride and bridegroom of a protracted courtship—than the *Shabbebarát* at Delhi at the height of Mogul power and luxury. Nor was the conduct of the Royal visitor in any way open to serious criticism, not to say particular censure ; certainly his relations with his particular hosts and his general hosts the people were quite correct. Above all the present letter appropriately concludes such an agreeable intercourse on both sides between him and

the country, and covers any slight disappointments, imaginary or real, he may have given, or even any little indiscretions he may possibly have committed. The Duke has hitherto appropriately replied to every address, but in his general valedictory address, in which he reviews his Indian travels, he attains his highest felicity. He is, as we have before observed, happy from the commencement. "Now that my visit to India is a thing of the past, I should be sadly wanting in gratitude if I did not ask you to let me take this last opportunity, before my ship has left these waters, to thank Your Excellency and every one whose guest I have been, as well as all the people of the districts through which I have passed, for the unvarying hospitality and welcome I received in India. In answering the numerous addresses presented to me from time to time, I have expressed this feeling in all truth and sincerity, but I think that they who have done so much for me, have almost a right to expect some less formal expression of thanks, than that which I have used in replying to official addresses. If you should then think proper to make this letter public, you are at perfect liberty to do so." We confess to being deeply affected by reading these simple yet to us pregnant lines. We hardly hope to be able to interpret our feelings to any individual of a more favored nation, far less to a prince. We know that the Prince has done nothing extraordinary—that to

make a return in words for trouble taken and time lost and lavish expenditure is the least that even a prince could do—yet we are so little accustomed from white Brahmans to even such bare thanks, nay we are so accustomed to be smitten for subserviency and very devotion—that the Prince's words come with a strange balm on our ears. He, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and possible sovereign of England, really thinks that he should be sadly wanting in gratitude if he did not thank the people of the districts through which he passed—that they who have done so much for him, have almost a right to expect some less formal expression of thanks, &c. Why, any Collector or for that matter superior policeman (district superintendent) would have whipped the districts into any tribute he wished, and expected the people to be grateful to him for his moderation. An official who brought the neighbouring Zemindar or Nawab's elephants by Purwana (a kind of *ukase)* and killed them by inhuman sporting would lose caste, might be blackballed at his club, if he were weak enough to express any kind of regret for the loss. The present writer, when a boy, received a caning from a European Titan for his rashness in picking up for the whiteman a rattan-stick which had dropped from his hands and which he was striving in vain to pick up. It is useless for us to attempt to teach a class, not

the least numerous, of our European fellow-subjects humanity or deference to the feelings of sentient beings, to say nothing of gentlemanliness, by any quotations from our books, the civilization of whose half-naked writers, who never knew the use of spoons, knives and forks, may be impugned; and perhaps they are not well up in their own literature, religious or secular, for us to appeal to it with advantage. There seems to be one hope, however. The Europeans, whatever their socialistic and democratic objection to rank among natives, (there is to them a no more guilty man under the sun than a native millionaire or aristocrat or a Brahman,) have only too much reverence for it among themselves. An English tradesman, it is said, would do almost anything in return, for the recognition of a genuine British nobleman. Let us hope that the example of manners set by a Prince of the Blood Royal of England and member of the European Royal Caste may prevail, and that hate for the "nigger" may go out of fashion.

The letter teems with passages which equally appeal to our hearts and indeed the whole tone of it is profoundly touching. Of course the eloquence, as usual, is not in the speech but in the audience. The Prince could not have been wholly unconscious of the tenderness of his tone, but he could scarcely calculate the actual effect of his words—the emphasis which they have derived from the peculiar unfortunate

circumstances of the people of India. In point of fact we have never been addressed so well and kindly and successfully as by our Queen and by her son—then, in 1859, as befitted a mother, now, in 1870, as a brother.

The letter is valuable as evidence that the sacrifices India made at a time of famine and distress to welcome the Prince have not been wasted. If it does not repay the outlay, it makes a part payment and gives bond for the balance. A display is a waste when unsuccessful, a demonstration a loss when it does *not* demonstrate. India has no reason to regret her efforts to honor the Prince when they so completely impressed their object with the ideas and sentiments of which the illuminations and entertainments and fetes and merry-making and holiday-taking and crowding and shouts and obeisances and addresses and songs of all classes of the people were the expression. When, moreover, His Royal Highness assures us that to his tour through India and the unvaried enthusiasm with which he was everywhere greeted throughout its length and breadth and by all its races have awakened and deepened his interest both in its past history and present condition, we congratulate ourselves for our country on his visit. Surely it must have been a good angel which led his footsteps to this land. India requires only to be known to be loved. The feeling of repulsion towards her which is born of prejudice and

malicious report, and kept alive by the difficulty of making acquaintance by means of books with strange creeds, customs, and costumes, unpronouncible names, &c., disappears as soon as one personally recognizes that touch of nature which makes the world kin, the unquestionable humanity and even manhood of the swarthy races. We have Europeans living among us for several centuries, but their interest, their very nearness blinds them to the merits and claims of their darker neighbours; their rage at one instance of native villany is hardly softened by a hundred ones of native virtue—and their opinions and conduct are visibly influenced by their jealousies and bickerings and political and social pretensions. Of course there have been, and are, noble exceptions. The travellers to India have not been of one mind. Many have been content to accept and to record Anglo-Indian prejudices and claims. Others however have used their eyes, and coming to the country with good hearts have returned with such, and in their writings done full justice to us. But they have cried in the wilderness. India, although possessing a certain hazy attraction of its own to all foreigners, is not a fashionable subject. It has yet to be taken up formally in European society. Indian works are a drug in the market, as an Indian speech is the dinner-bell of the House of Commons. Macaulay, who of all writers was best fitted for the task of popularising India in which Burke

failed, has, in obedience to his passion for point and color, been the greatest enemy of a country the foundations of whose civilization he laid by his advocacy of European education for it directly through European languages. So, while the absurd diatribe of Macaulay is in every mouth, because he is a famous English writer, the testimony of hundreds of writers to the contrary is nowhere. India has no hope till this is remedied. The brand of excommunication from literature and politics, that is from European, pre-eminently English Society, must be effaced from her noble brow, before India can obtain fair play,—before she can attempt, with any hope of success, to win favor and love. Nothing can serve this object better than the accidents which attract the leaders of that society to the unfortunate country and its people and affairs. It was an exceptional piece of fortune which brought to this land Prince Alfred—a leader of English Society above the most fortunate official.

By far the greatest benefit, however, which we anticipate from the Prince's visit to India remains yet to be mentioned. To interest English "Society," the blue Brahmans of the whitemen in India, to secure their sympathy on behalf our country, as we expect the Prince's accounts of India among his friends in England to do, is not a small acquisition. But we are more ambitious still. We fondly anticipate that the visit will create the most lively, and, as we trust, fruitful sympathy for this great Dependency

of the Crown in the woman's heart of the illustrious wearer of that Crown. The interest in this great country awakened in the breast of the son will be communicated to that of the Mother by the attraction of the moral electricity of maternal and filial affection. The next best thing to the Queen's own visit to India is certainly that of her son. Hear the Prince's noble words:—"I am laden with a debt of gratitude—a debt which I am proud to owe, but which I can never hope to repay. In all that concerns the welfare of India I shall ever take deep interest, for I have learned to regard her people with affection." Again:—"I am the glad bearer of a message from them to my mother, which will give her unbounded satisfaction, for I have to tell her how enthusiastic has been my reception, how universal the affectionate loyalty which greeted me, and how it is for her sake alone that I have been thus welcomed to India; that my advent has been thus eagerly seized as an opportunity for expressing their sentiment of personal devotion to Her Majesty, and of their heart-felt appreciation of the mildness and beneficence of her rule." These words will be written in letters of gold in the heart of every native of India. May we be permitted to warn the good Prince that the sincerity of his promise will be tested by his success with his mother, and above all by the future treatment of India at the hands of Great Britain, of its Government and Society in general.

LOOKING BACK! THE COMPANY AND THE CROWN:

THE COMPLETION OF THE IMPERIALIZATION.

Once more, to conclude as I began, and enlarge on some of the points hurriedly treated in the introduction:—

We do not understand a government without a king, having never before been acquainted with such. The East India Company, however, imposed such a government on us—a great Government, vigorous in war, efficient in peace, but not having its spring in the volition, capacity and wisdom of any supreme person. The people felt bewildered; none who had no large education in English and in politics could master the constitution of the East India Company—a body of subjects, themselves divided into Proprietors and Directors always in conflict, and both owing obedience to another Board, said to represent the sovereign power but itself almost always playing second fiddle to the Directors. Our countrymen, in general, refused to master this maze and mystery, and, in their crave for a sovereign personality, imagined and believed the Company to be an individual, whether in the shape of an old lady in Leadenhall Street or a monster "Bahadoor," as often as they were corrected by those who knew better. This difficulty was perceived even

by such distant observers as the great historian Niebuhr. It was a relief, therefore, to the people when Her Majesty the Queen set aside the mask and puzzle, withdrew the *izara* as it was called, and undertook to rule her Indian dominions directly through her own ministers—a relief to the imagination and mind appreciable by thousands.

But the Transfer was or seemed no more than a paper transfer.

It did not strike the people enough, and they more than half disbelieved it—the majority disbelieved. It cannot be said that they merely showed their usual sceptical *Zed* or ignorant persistency. The *Zed*, if real enough, was for once not apparently unjustifiable. That the word of the British Government and of Englishmen generally is implicitly trusted as such is one of the old fictions, one rather less gross than that of the pagoda tree, and one, we hope, soon to be, as the other has already been, exploded. Perhaps, it was not all a fiction of old, any more than the other, or the fact represented by the other. In our day both are at about par. If there is a distinction between the British Government and individual Englishmen, perhaps the preponderance of credit is in favour of the latter. We occasionally meet with instances of individual Englishmen, official and non-official, whose word is considered as good as their writing. But any assertion of the British Government is sure to be discredited, except among those who are educated in English. There were special circumstances

connected with the Transfer which gave plausibility to the people's scepticism. The Government here remained in the same hands. If the Transfer was made as a punishment upon the Company for producing the mutinies, the Company's servants on the spot whose crime or neglect particularly produced them, should in common sense have been discarded, and as an assurance that new principles would prevail in the new administration.

There may have been very good arguments to the contrary, but these were not likely to occur to the people. They argued as above. Something at any rate might have been done to assure them by making a more general change, for instance, in official designations. It seemed as if the idea had struck statesmen when the Company's Governor-General was dignified with the title of Viceroy, but the good effect of the change was marred by retaining the old designation as well, and not following it up by other changes. The Transfer therefore looked much a white lie to deceive the children of Hind into conciliation by the pretence that their provokers had been punished.

It was a grievous want of statesmanship which by any commission or omission left the Transfer open to doubt, so much depended upon its being recognized without suspicion—so much for the moment, so much for over! The Royal Proclamation was itself doubted, and numbers held out from doubt of the amnesty contained therein.

It must be confessed, however, that so far as lay with Lord Canning, he, as he clearly understood his

duties, and the requirement of the time, tried to impart every reality to the change from mercantile to the royal (or national) hands. With a mind as capacious and strong as any Vizier's, and a heart which Mogul, Shah, Khoonkar, Cæsar, Czar, or Kaiser might envy, he inaugurated the Empire with the most profuse and seemingly reckless liberality all round, which humanly secured the permanence of the *Raj*. That lavish expenditure, as it tempted all generations present and to come to strive for the opportunity of serving the state, immediately, without the necessity of manœuvre or mean diplomacy, converted dozens of allies and semi-allies and princes of various grades into feudatories by the very attraction of the gifts which they, without any sense of the effect on their political status, not only accepted with thanks but scrampled for—evidence at once of the absence among the native rulers of the day of the slightest kingly feeling or of any tincture of statesmanship. And not the least of the measures which constituted British India an Empire instead of the estate of a body of merchants, was Lord Canning's unparallelled progress through the country and his magnificent series of Grand Durbars in all the capitals of the Provinces, in which he received the homage and fealty and submission of the Princes and Chiefs and people, and to whom he addressed right royal words as he bestowed on them right royal gifts.

So successful were these Grand Durbars—so befitting India, with her imperial associations—so gratify-

ing to her people with their hankering for personal government, for visible emblems of kingship—that, in spite of the protests of the would-be Joseph Humes on the score of expense, the successors of Lord Canning indulged the country and themselves in the same shows, so that they have become a regular institution. For the rest, English statesmen have exhibited nearly the same inappreciation of the imperial position of England and imperial demands of India which makes so many English philosophers like Mr. Congreve, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Goldwin Smith, (the last not a Comtist,) weary of the Colonial and Dependant Empire of Britain. They have not shown themselves consistently solicitous of continuing Lord Canning's policy.

What has been the effect? The Assumption of the government of India by the Crown of England and the measures taken to give reality to the Assumption, together with the formal fall at the same time of the Mogul, name, insignia and all, for the first time gave England a rightful, legal and political title to Indian Loyalty, convinced India of her loyal duty to England, above all made such Loyalty possible. The East India Company held its authority by Power of Attorney and gift from the Emperor of Delhi, and so long as the shadow of the Mogul remained, it might be a question, whether Loyalty was due to it or to the reality of the English Power, while the absence of a personal Head or Centre of that Power robbed Loyalty of its proper object. All the legal and intellectual

and imaginative difficulties were removed by the events of 1857—rendering, as they did, among other things, a re-conquest of Delhi and part of the Empire necessary—and the Assumption of 1858, and the imperializing policy of Lord Canning's administration. There could no longer be any misgiving in the mind of India as to the object of her allegiance. The English, whom she long felt as not only a Power, but *the* Power, at last gave her a Crown to serve. The long-suspended or the hesitating, misdirected (as towards Delhi for near a century) Loyalty of the nation could again come to play, and so it did. Unless other causes, such as gross misgovernment, interfere the perfect Loyalty of all classes to the British Crown is a question only of time.

Thus India got many of the essentials of personal Loyalty. The only remaining difficulty is a geographical one. The people have only a second-hand impression of their Sovereign,—a hearsay, —consequently indirect, inconclusive—evidence, a faint impression,—to the same degree weakening the force of Loyalty. This is an insuperable difficulty, as founded on Nature. The highest Loyalty, that which is very different from the allegiance of calculation, or expediency, is attachment for the person of the sovereign—in constitutional or republican countries to the machinery of the supreme national Power. While our people are not politically advanced enough for attachment to a machinery, their Sovereign and the Supreme Machinery both have

their home far from our shores. This difficulty in the way of the generation of the highest type of political attachment can for India at best be lessened, hardly completely removed.

It is impossible, for instance, for the master of a large Empire, specially one scattered in various parts of the globe like the British Empire, to fully gratify the crave of the subjects of all sections of it for a personal embodiment of sovereignty; but he ought to try his best. He cannot be ubiquitous, but he can visit from time to time all parts. If he cannot go to a distance often, or at all, his sons may do it for him. Perhaps a constitutional sovereign is peculiarly fitted for performing this function of royalty, his presence at the seat of the Central Government being not so indispensable. An official, however great, can hardly play the sovereign to the satisfaction of the popular imagination, but to make the best of circumstances, after the visit of the son of the sovereign, the next best thing is to make the viceroy represent the show functions of royalty.

The importance of the royal presence and stay and its difficulty in the new acquisitions of kings are recognized in our authoritative books. The Moses and Justinian of the Hindus, Manu, enforces them in a remarkable passage already quoted (pp. 35-36.) Englishmen may consider it a miserable fate to be obliged to learn policy of the naked savages of Rishis of the banks of the Saraswati and Drishadwati. I shall not dispute the reasonableness of the feeling of the

white Paul constrained to sit at the feet of a darker (by the bye, Manu and the earlier Hindus were as fair as any Europeans,) Gamaliel, but I put it to him whether the Empire of the Great Mogul, where generations of enterprising and illustrious Europeans begged and prayed and bribed and *kowtowed* to have a footing, to build a warehouse, is not compensation enough for the endurance?

Had it lain with Lord Canning, from all appearance, I am convinced that he would have brought the Queen here to assume the Government of her Indian Dominions, making her speak her own Proclamation, give her own gifts, make her own Knights, content himself to act as Grand Vizier. Think of the impression of such an act!—how had the weight of each word, every gift, every honor, been augmented—how intensely real had the Transfer been, and beyond all cavil—how much more had England's power been felt throughout the East—how towards the pacification of the country it had been as a dozen more victories! The disadvantages of female rule never were brought out into such relief as when the opportunity for such a bloodless political *coup* had to be abandoned in consequence of our Gracious Sovereign's sex, if it could be availed of on other grounds.

Need I suggest the bearing of all these facts and arguments on the Visit to India of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh? That which was considered by the Prince himself, England, and the world as simply a pleasure trip, was really a great political

event. It made Royalty as nearly visible to India as possible. For all Lord Canning's endeavours, the Transfer from the East India Company to the Crown and the Assumption were a paper transfer, a paper assumption. No Sovereign was seen, we had only the assurance of the highest official (who was an interested witness) that he had become a more important personage as the Representative of the Sovereign, &c. For all that, for anything that we saw to the contrary, the Transfer and Assumption and the yarn about Royalty and Royal intentions were one of the many English fictions in law, administration and policy—a pretty drama enacted by the high comedian Canning. For the first time now, with Prince Alfred among us, we got a glimpse of Royalty. For reasons perhaps too tediously detailed hereinbefore, I anticipate a speedy and vigorous growth of the infant plant of Indian Loyalty towards England.

THE LOYALTY LOTUS.

A BENGALI ODE OF

WELCOME TO PRINCE ALFRED.

BY

BABOO DINOBUNDHOO MITTER.

THE following poem was written by Baboo Dinobundhoo Mitter,—one of the first of contemporary Bengali authors, who has used his great native powers of humour and sentiment and his acquirements in English for enriching the vernacular of his country with several successful dramatic works,—with a view to its being recited before the Duke of Edinburgh on the night of the Illumination at Calcutta (23rd Dec. 1869) at the house of the Dutts of Wellington Square as His Royal Highness was to pass by it. I take this opportunity of thanking the accomplished Baboo for so readily responding to my call for such a composition, even though loyalty and patriotism more than friendship for me were, perhaps, the ruling motive with him. I give below the letter in which I made the request, particularly as it contains a sketch of the thoughts and feelings which spontaneously occurred to me—and indeed to what numbers of my countrymen!—in the second week of December, 1869, as the Prince was daily expected in our city, and which I wished to have expressed in a national Bengali Ode, and which, were it not for the want of time, few could have expressed so well as Baboo Dinobundhoo :—

Calcutta, 11th December, 1869.

MY DEAR DINOBUNDHOO,

Pray, send me a capital Ode or Poem on the expected Ad-

vent of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, as quick as you can compose, on the following text:—

Welcome, Royal Brother! to the {land / home} of your subject brethren, the Empire-Province of our Sovereign-Mother! Welcome! See and observe, and report home, report our Loyalty, our Progress, under the auspices of England, after ages of dead-lock;—our infinitely greater capabilities for Progress, our thirst for it, our expectation of Mother Queen's encouragement.

Tell her of our affection.

Tell how we love her, though unseen, though she is only a name to us, a distant music, a sweet scent from afar.

Tell her how in this land Loyalty is a part, aye, an essential part, of the people's religion.

Tell her that no religious ceremony or festival takes place—no *Shradh* is performed—without our first paying our homage to, and satisfying the dues of, the Sovereign, as those of the Gods. In fact, the Sovereign first—our ancestors afterwards!

Tell her and shame her, shame her for denying a sight of herself to such dutiful subject-children. Great as may be the interest she takes in them, she has neglected to shew her interest by withholding her presence from them, and has, of course, caused the greater yearning to behold her Royal Person.

Tell her, and bring her and your Eldest.

Bring, oh bring our Present and Future Sovereigns!

Oh what an Introduction! (will that be.)

The thought is enrapturing! our Sovereign Lady, Mother, introducing to her People, *her* Heir and *their* Future Sovereign! (now Brother.)

Welcome, then, welcome, to remain and enjoy as long as you wish! And *then* haste, hasten to realize our cherished {dream! / ideal!}

Tell our Brother and Future Lord, it ill becomes him to

roam the world over, even to tread the golden carpets of Room (Turkey) or feast his eyes on Goorgi (Georgian) Peris, to the neglect of his darker brethren and sisters and pledged subjects of the Farther East.

And now you Prince-Duke! it ill became you to plough the wide ocean, and voyage round the world from childhood and not once put to harbour in India, till now!

But better late than never!
And you're a boy, Prince-Brother!
And the delight of the Day makes us all
Forget or pardon all the past neglect!
Oh Welcome, then, All-welcome Brother, Hail!
The *Naubut* and the *Nágárá*,
The *Turi* and the *Bheri* sound!
Let the triumphal *Roushun-Chowk'*, rejoice!
Anon let *Tláng, Táttláng* the *Tublá* ring!
The dance begin!
Up, songsters, up!
Songstresses soft!
Fill high the bowl with Soma or Shiraz Wine!

What, dear Dinobundhoo, say you to that sketch of a Welcome Ode, in Bengali, to the Prince! If you succeed in that you will assuredly reap no mean triumph. Tennyson is England's Poet Laureate. Let Dinobundhoo Mitter be India's Volunteer Laureate. If ambition be no motive with you for work, let patriotism be, for such a poem will advance the cause of our dear country. It will be translated and talked of in England and read to Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, and it cannot fail to excite the warmest interest in the Royal heart in behalf of our nation. It cannot but bind together two races, politically united, in the bonds of good disposition and amity. You have already done a great service to the country by your dramatic writings. Do not throw away the present opportu-

nity of continuing, it may be crowning, the same service by a great sincere national lyric.

But be up at once—there is no time to lose. The Prince may come any day—and I wish to make use of the ode on the Illumination Night. Of course you are welcome to the scene of our humble but enthusiastic efforts at illumination. And, indeed, nothing would give us greater pleasure than, because nothing would be so appropriate as, that you recite your own work before His Royal Highness. In sending it to me, of course you keep a copy for fear of loss.

Yours affectionately,

(Sd.) SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPÁDHÁYA.

Write to me at 1, Wellington Square, (the house where I had the happiness of passing a few evening hours with you.) When do you come to town ?

To Baboo DINOBUNDHOO MITTER,

(Inspecting Post-Master, Kishnaghur Division,) Kishnaghur.

I wish I could give a metrical English version of the Poem for the generality of English readers, but verse-making is such a bother to those who are unaccustomed to it, and, besides, I was not sure of being able to preserve the spirit of the original, or indeed to do justice to it at all. I hope one of *our* English poets, Baboo Kashiprasad Ghosh, Baboo Michael Dutt, Raja Jotendro Mohun Tagore, or one of the poetical brotherhood of the Dutts of Rambagan, Calcutta, some of whom are now in England where they have lately published a selection of the works of the family, will yet supply a worthy translation, not to satisfy me or our vernacular poet, but to make known the sentiments of our countrymen as widely and

advantageously as may be to the people and Royal Family of Great Britain. Meanwhile I trust the professors of languages in Europe—one of whom, Dr. Goldstuckur, has accepted a Bengali sonnet from the greatest of our poets, Michael Dutt, and another, an Italian, translated for the King of Italy a Bengali sonnet addressed to that monarch and another to the father of Italian Poesy, Dante—will do the land of the Sanskrit the kindness,—and I am sure the Bengali residents in England will do their duty by their country,—to explain the lines, as occasion offers, to Englishmen.

লয়াল্টিলোটস্

অর্থাৎ

রাজভক্তিশতদল।

এস ভ্রাতা আলফ্রেড, আদরের ধন, আনন্দে নাচিছে আজি আর্য্যসুতগণ,
শুভ দিনে, শুভক্ষণে, তব চারুচন্দ্রাননে,
করিবে উল্লাসে সবে রাজ দরশন।

দয়াময়ী মা জননী রাণী-ভিক্টোরিয়া, তোমাতে উদয় অদ্য রাজ্য উজ্জ্বলিয়া।
বস হে রাণীর পুত্র পৃথু-সিংহাসনে, পৃথ্বীপতি, শোভা হেরি, পুলকিত মনে;
শত বৎসরের পরে, মা মহিষী দয়া করে,
পাঠালেন প্রিয়পুত্র ভারত ভবনে।

কে বলে আছেন মাতা আমাদের ভুলে, এই যে স্নেহের চিহ্ন হিন্দু-পুত্র-কুলে।
উদয় অন্তরে আশা আপনা আপনি, এই বার আমাদের ভাবি নরমণি,
যুবরাজ স্নেহ ভরে, প্রজার পালন তরে,
আসিবেন সঙ্গে লয়ে পবিত্র রমণী।

উথলিবে সুখসিন্ধু হিন্দু দেশ ময়, জয় জয় যুবরাজ জয় জয় জয়।
ভবেশ ভকতি ভরা মাতা ভিক্টোরিয়া, বীর-প্রসবিনী রাণী বীর-বরণীয়া,
পরে পুলকিত মনে, সহ নিজ পরিজনে,
উদয় হবেন সুখে ভারতে আসিয়া।

মা বলে প্রজার দলে করিছে রোদন, লবেন কোলেতে তুলে চুম্বিয়ে বদন।
বস হে ডিউক ভাই হিন্দুভাই দলে, শ্বেত শতদল মালা দিই তব গলে;
ক্ষীর, সর, নবনীত, মতিচুর মনোনীত,
মনোহরা, চন্দ্রপুলি, গঠা সুকৌশলে,
সমাদরে করি দান বদনে তোমার। তা চেয়ে সুতার দিই প্রেম উপহার।
বাজাও তবলা, বাঁশি, বেহালা, সেতার, এমন সুখের দিন কবে হবে আর;
ঘুমুর বান্ধিয়ে পায়, পেসোয়াজ দিয়ে গায়,
নাচ রে নর্ত্তকি লয়ে ভঙ্গি মেনকার;
গাওরে, গায়িকা, গীত দিব্য তান লয়ে। হারায়ে ইন্দ্রের সভা ভারত আলয়ে।
মেয়ো সনে রাজপুত্র বসেছে সভায়, আলোময় কলিকাতা অধিপ-আভায়;
দীপরত্ন অঙ্গে পরি, আভাময়ী এ নগরী,
প্রজার হৃদয়-আভা মিলিয়াছে তায়।
ধর্ম্মশীলা হিন্দুবালা ইন্দুনিভাননী, অলিন্দে দিতেছে দীপ দিয়ে হুলুধ্বনি।
মঙ্গল সাধন হেতু বঙ্গ বরাননা, গুণপণা সহকারে দেছে আলপনা;
গন্ধপুষ্প দূর্ব্বাধান, সমাদরে করি দান,
মনোসাধে সাধিতেছে ভূপ-উপাসনা।
ধন্য বঙ্গ বিলাসিনি মঙ্গল বিধান। কোথা সতী ভক্তিমতী তোমার সমান?
রাজপুত্র সিংহাসনে বড় শুভ দিন, কে বলে ভারতে আর স্বাধীনতা হীন?
আপন নয়নে তুমি, দেখিলে ভারত ভূমি,
আনন্দ সাগরে সব দেখিলে বিলীন।
বলিবে বিলাতে গিয়ে শুভ সমাচার, আসিয়াছে ভারতের ভক্তি পারাবার।
কি দিব মহিষী-পদে সকলি তাঁহার, লয়ালটি লোটস লও ভারতের সার।
রাজভক্তি রসে গলি, ভিক্টোরিয়া জয় বলি,
করতালি দেহ সবে সুখে এক বার।
পাইলাম এতদিনে জননীর কোল, ভিক্টোরিয়া জয় বলি দেহ হরিবোল।

Nawab Nazir Seedee Nuzeer Ali, Khan Bahadoor.
Moonshee Ameer Ali, Khan Bahadoor.
Moulvie Abdool Luteef, Khan Bahadoor.
Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, *Bart.*
Manickjee Cursetjee, Esq.
Raja Prosunnonarain Deb, Bahadoor.
Maharaja Jugodindro Bonowaree Gobind, Bahadoor.
Rai Dhunput Sing, Bahadoor.
Raja Promothonauth, Roy Bahadoor.
Syud Williyut Ali Khan.
Baboo Hurrack Chund, and
„ Kareem Chund, Coolchia.
„ Debender Mullick, } *Secretaries.*
„ Kristodoss Paul, }

APPENDIX C.

Welcome Ode recited before the Prince by the Pandits at the Special Reception given by the Native Inhabitants of Calcutta.

श्रीयुक्त प्रिन्स आलफ्रेड डिउक आव एडिनवर्ग महाशय सन्नोदयेषु

TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALFRED, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, &c.

स्वस्ति

ते चिरमायुष्यं भ्याद् भूपाङ्गसम्भव !
लक्ष्मीस्ते सदने सदैव लसतात् चाच्चल्यमुक्ता सती
राज्ञीपुंच ! चिरं त्वदीयवदने वाणी नरीनृत्यताम् ।

वैरिव्यूहविनाशनाय भवतः सामर्थ्यमास्तां सदा
कीर्त्तिः कुन्दकरीन्द्रचन्द्रधवला सर्व्वत्र विद्योतताम् ॥ १ ॥
शान्ते स्वान्ते निशान्ते तव वसतु सदा सर्व्वलोकैकनाथो
भूयेभूऽनुरूपे भवतु च नितरां तेऽनुकम्पा सदैव ।
भवो भूयोऽभिभूयारिपुकुलनिवहं सर्व्वधामैकधामन्!
प्रत्यूहव्यूहराशिस्तव विलयात् युद्वयाचासु शश्वन् ॥ २ ॥
धर्म्मेषु चित्तं रमतां निरन्तरं कुकर्म्मदत्तस्य निवर्त्तनं भजेत् ।
प्रजासु कल्याणकरी दृढन्तरे दृत्तिस्त्वदीया सततं विराजताम् ॥३॥
प्रजाः प्रजापाल ! पितेव पाया घोरादपायात् जगदेकमान्य ।
समस्तविज्ञानविवर्द्धनार्थं लोकानशेषानिह शिक्षयेस्त्वम् ॥ ४ ॥
एतद्देशनिवासिलोकनिवहैर्यद्दर्शनं दुर्लभं
तेषामेव हितेच्छया स्वयमसावागत्य राज्ञीसुतः ।
पारात् वारिनिधेर्महागुणनिधिः साक्षादभूल्लोलया
हंहो भारतवर्षभाग्यमहिमा मन्येऽधुना वर्द्धते ॥ ५ ॥

APPENDIX D.

In illustration of the statement (page 11) that the absence of intercourse between the Natives and Europeans in India, their ignorance of each other and the difference in their manners which makes the mode of expression of the one wholly unintelligible to the other, account for the little credit that the former, so eminently impressible as they are, have received for loyalty and gratitude in general with the latter, I refer to the *shraddh* or *quasi shraddh* which, at my suggestion as I am proud to own, the Talookdars of Oudh celebrated throughout

the Province in honor of Lord Canning, at his death. Every Talookdar spent liberally, and almost the entire population exhibited proper feeling on the occasion, and yet a fact, eminently curious, and unparallelled for significance as it was, might not have been known at all to the Anglo-Indian or European public, had not the Talookdars had an English organ of their own, and is, after all, as yet hardly sufficiently known.

The Talookdars have, besides, established a College to the memory of the same statesman. They equally went to mourning on the death of Prince Albert, and suspended the usual gaities on the occasion of the Holee festival which occurred at the time. The same organ alluded to, the *Sumachar Hindustani*, Lucknow English weekly newspaper, put the Indian Minister of the day, Lord Halifax, (Sir Charles Wood then) in possession of the fact, which he stated, I believe, in his Budget speech. The Talookdars, long before Sir Charles Wingfield's opposition to the Government of India's attempt to upturn the Talookdaree settlement and pledges of Lord Canning, had erected a Wingfield Munzil, extensive buildings, for the accommodation of travellers and others, both Hindu and Mahomedan, each sect in a separate wing, with fine wells, gardens, temple and mosque, &c.

Just now I learn (April, 1871,) that the natives of Lucknow are giving away large sums in alms to beggars, that their prayers might prevail with the Almighty to give back health to the Chief Commissioner, General Barrow, one of the truest friends of the Province and of the natives in general, who was lately struck down by sudden paralysis. A Tyndall may smile at the simplicity of the men, but the mass of the natives are still in the theological stage, and Englishmen, for their own sake, as well as that of the people whose destinies have been placed in their hands, would do well to note the feeling of the

act, however rudely expressed. For all the bitterness engendered in a proud if not self-assertive people by European haughtiness and want of sympathy, for all the wide disaffection produced by reckless, insolent, unsuitable government, such acts of appreciation of the kindness of individual Europeans are not uncommon in any part of the country.

APPENDIX E.

The Prince received addresses from all the public bodies of the Metropolis and replied to them in suitable terms. He also visited many of the chief public institutions and evinced proper interest in them. As might be expected of our Sailor Prince, he took particular notice of the Sailors' Home, to the funds of which he contributed. Of the native institutions, he attended, in the Viceroy's company, the annual brilliant Conversazione, held at the Town Hall, of the Mahomedan Literary Society, founded and maintained by Moulvie Abdul Luteef Khan Bahadoor. His Royal Highness was particularly gracious to the Society, to which he presented a photographic likeness of himself as a souvenir of his visit to its Conversazione of the 29th December, 1869.

APPENDIX F.

I have forgotten to mention in the body of the book that the illuminations made by the native inhabitants on the 23rd December, 1869, to celebrate the arrival of the Prince extended much farther than not only the route, as previously proclaimed, through which His Royal Highness, with the Viceroy, drove,—to the darkest backslums of the black town (native

quarter)—but also beyond the limits of the Metropolis, to the suburbs and neighbouring towns and villages. Here at my own Barahanagar, (Buranugore) beyond the extreme limit of the northern suburbs of Calcutta, the people, without suggestion from authority, spontaneously lighted up their houses as on the *Dewali* festival in genuine satisfaction at the visit of our Empress' son and in loyal duty on the occasion, without the most distant chance of His Royal Highness showing himself among them, or being cognizant of their demonstration, content to feel that God might not find cause to accuse them of not having done their duty by their Prince. This is a trifle of an incident, perhaps, but straws show the direction of the wind. If such incidents do not convince England of the loyalty of India, of at least her good disposition, her loyal docility, she is beyond the reach of impression.

THE END.

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